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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Export Standard

AFTER such a successful exhibition of Hongkong products at this year's BIF it was annoying to read this week that such a trifling criticism had been made of some of our fabrics displayed on the Colony's stand. It must be realized however that if no greater fault can be found than the appearance of a few seed husks in some fabrics, Hongkong manufacturers can be congratulated on the quality and standard of their goods displayed. Yet this criticism raises a far more important question which concerns the cotton industry as a whole. This is the need for a Government-sponsored Standards Bureau and testing laboratory. In a statement on this subject this week, Mr Perry of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank pointed out that with competition from countries like Japan and India increasing and the higher cost of raw material there may be a temptation for some manufacturers to keep their prices at existing levels and to lower the quality of their goods which would be bad for Hongkong's name abroad. It would appear from the criticism directed at Hongkong's fabrics at the BIF that this is no longer just a possibility, that some manufacturers are in fact sacrificing quality already. It is idle for some mill owners to argue that since they are producing high quality fabrics for overseas buyers that there is therefore no need for a standards bureau. This argument might well apply to at least 90 per cent of the mills in the Colony today yet the idea of a standards bureau was advanced by two banks and certain mill owners in the interests of the industry as a whole, believing, as they do, that as Hongkong's trade has in recent years suffered from fluctuating demand in several eastern markets (particularly Indonesia) it is now necessary to seek more reliable avenues of trade in England and Europe. To profit from such a move the cotton industry as a whole must realize that Europe by virtue of its higher standard of living is a more discerning market than those in the Far East, that it demands high quality goods and that if Hongkong is to gain a foothold in the European market it is essential that its products meet a generally approved standard.

ANTI-RUSSIAN ORGANISATION IN BRITAIN BRINGS PROTEST

Moscow Complains Of Interference In Internal Affairs

London, May 28. The Soviet Union has protested to Britain about the activities of anti-Communist Russians in London, Moscow Radio announced. The Radio said the protest was delivered to the British Foreign Office today by Mr Jacob Malik, Soviet Ambassador in London. It protested against the activities of "Russian Solidarity" in Britain. The Soviet statement said the "diversionary activities of this group (the Russian Solidarity) cannot be regarded as compatible with normal relations between the two countries and the attitude of the British authorities in the matter cannot be regarded as anything else than interference in the internal affairs of another country."

Mr Malik's statement referred to "information published in the Sunday Times on May 25 and in the Daily Mail on May 24" that "a so-called National Union of Russian Solidarity, who make it their business to carry out diversionary, provocative, undermining and hostile activities directed against the Soviet Union, functions on British territory."

Dr Bunche's Name Cleared

New York, May 28. The Loyalty Board, which investigated allegations against the American Negro leader, Dr Ralph Bunche, declared today that it had unanimously reached the conclusion that "there is no doubt as to the loyalty of Dr Bunche to the Government of the United States."

In a statement issued by Mr Pierce Gervy, Chairman of the United Nations Employers Loyalty Board, at a Press conference today, it said: "As a matter of justice to the individuals concerned, the Loyalty Board does not disclose any information concerning its proceedings."

However, since the Board was unable to prevent public disclosure of the fact that it was holding hearings concerning Dr Ralph Bunche, it was decided to depart from its policy in this case and to make a prompt and public disclosure of its decision.

Dr Bunche, who was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his mediation efforts in Palestine, is Director of the United Nations Trusteeship Division and is the top ranking American on the United Nations Secretariat.

Schoolboy Is Sentenced To Death

Vienna, May 28. A Bulgarian schoolboy was sentenced to death today, and five others received prison sentences ranging from one to 15 years for the murder of a worker, the Bulgarian newspaper *Tchevno* Zname stated in an issue which reached Vienna today.

The People's Court of Vidine sentenced the boys. The one who received the sentence was 16 years old.

Those sentenced to imprisonment were also ordered to pay heavy compensation to the dead man's family.

The death occurred as a result of a brawl—France Press.

Search For Armistice Principles

Geneva, May 29. Chief delegates of nine nations attending Indo-China peace talks here will today (Saturday) try to complete a list of armistice principles on which East and West are agreed, conference sources said yesterday.

Delegation officials meeting here yesterday failed to complete the list which the Ministers and other chief delegates had requested as a basic working document.

They planned to meet again today, but conference sources said the senior delegates themselves decided to discuss the outstanding points at their eighth session due to begin at 2 p.m. GMT.

They are also expected to discuss the terms of reference under which representatives of the opposing commands in Indo-China will work out a ceasefire and regrouping of forces.

BREAKS SILENCE

The Communist spokesman said that General Walter Bedell Smith, leader of the American delegation, broke "his long silence" at today's session.

"It was hoped he would put forward something new. However, there was nothing except complete support for the South Korean proposals."

The spokesman added that the United States delegate had avoided making known his views on such important issues as "all-Korean elections, the withdrawal of foreign troops and international guarantees."

Answering a question, the spokesman said "the fact that the United States is a belligerent in the war of Korea is something the United Nations cannot deny."

It is precisely for the purpose of restoring United Nations prestige that China (Communist) should have its rightful place in the United Nations," he said.—Reuter.

EVIDENCE REQUIRED

London, May 28. Britain will reject today's Soviet note protesting against the existence in this country of a Russian emigre organisation unless evidence is supplied of definite illegal activities. It is believed in diplomatic quarters here.

The Foreign Office spokesman said tonight that the note, delivered in London today, was under study.

The general position regarding emigre organisations in Britain is that, like all other associations and people in a free country, they are allowed to exist provided that no illegal activities are undertaken.

Should the Soviet Government call for action against such an organisation, it would be British practice to require convincing evidence that its record clashed with the law.—Reuter.

Marking Time At Geneva On Korea Question

Geneva, May 28. The 19-nation Korean talks "marked time" here today with six speakers on the non-Communist side backing South Korea's plans for Korean unity and rejecting flatly counter proposals from the Communist powers.

Delegates from the United States, Colombia, Turkey, Thailand, Australia and Greece united in making spirited declarations upholding the moral and legal right of the United Nations to supervise any all-Korean elections.

One slight divergence from this line came from Mr Alan Watt, leader of the Australian delegation. He said that Australia "reserved until a later stage" the right to make a "more detailed examination" of the South Korean plan for the unity of the peninsula, put forward last Saturday by Mr Pyun Yung-tal, the Foreign Minister.

But Mr Watt backed Mr Pyun's proposals generally "as a positive advance towards a peaceful settlement of the Korean problem."

Commonwealth sources tonight said that the Australian reservation implied "qualified acceptance" of the South Korean plan as a basis for further negotiations.

The South Korean delegation reacted quickly and significantly to this support from its United Nations partners in war.

A spokesman said it was now up to the Communists to make an effort at negotiating an agreement on Korean unity on the basis of the acceptance of United Nations authority.

He gave a blunt warning, however, that if the Communists continued to oppose this, "there appears to be no other course than adjournment of the conference."

TALKING POINTS

Today's Korean plenary session had two "talking points."

1. South Korea's 14-point plan for national elections under United Nations supervision and linked with a phased withdrawal of troops beginning with the Chinese Communists.

2. A Communist plan put forward in separate speeches by Mr Chou En-lai, Chinese Prime Minister, and General Nam Il, North Korean Foreign Minister, envisaging Korean elections without United Nations participation. The two powers want the elections to be planned by an all-Korean commission set up by both Korean Parliaments and assisted by a neutral nations supervisory commission.

Non-Communist delegates tonight expressed warm satisfaction at the able and detailed defence of the United Nations by all speakers today.

They said today's speeches added up to a "firm warning" to the Communist states that further onslaughts on the integrity of the United Nations would not be tolerated here.

The speeches collectively made clear that the 16 non-Communist countries at the conference consider that it is now up to the Communists to make concessions to prevent a collapse of the talks.

Rail Strike Called Off

London, May 28. Leaders of a wildcat strike which threatened the worst shutdown of Britain's railways since 1926 voted tonight to call off their walkout after rank-and-file workers threatened to go back to work on their own.

The decision of strike leaders meeting in Bristol all but ended the threat that the strike of engineers and firemen in Wales and West of England railways would spread to the rest of the country.

In brief statements, the strike leaders said the strikers "would return to work as from midnight Saturday to allow for immediate negotiations to be commenced."

The statement did not immediately end the threat of a general railway shutdown. Engineers and firemen of the Eastern and North-eastern regions voted at work on Thursday to walk out at midnight on Sunday.—United Press.

Admit Conspiracy

Washington, May 28. Seven corporations, controlled by Greek shipowner Stavros Niarchis, pleaded guilty today to conspiring to defraud the United States Government by illegally obtaining surplus American ships after World War II.—Reuter.

Ready To Make Direct Contact

Geneva, May 28. The United States delegation has told the British delegation here that it is ready to make direct contact with the Chinese Communist delegation in Geneva about American nationals under arrest in China "and Chinese nationals in the United States", a Chinese spokesman stated tonight.

The spokesman, who was answering a question at a Press conference, added that China on its part had made clear it had never refused such contacts.

Asked whether the two parties had yet met, the spokesman replied: "There have been no concrete steps from the United States side yet"—Reuter.

French Outpost In Peril

Paris, May 28. Vietminh troops have fought their way to within 250 yards of the encircled French military post of Yen Phu, in the Tonkin front—only about 37 miles south of Hanoi, according to military reports received here tonight.

This position, just south of Phuly, has been surrounded for a fortnight. It is being defended by one company. Hanoi reports spoke of the possibility of an all-out Vietminh offensive around June 15 before the bulk of reinforcements could arrive from France.

The four Vietminh elite divisions which captured Dien Bien Phu three weeks ago were reported to have completed almost their return march through the mountainous jungles of Northern Indo-China to their permanent bases around Yen Bay and Thuyen Quang, about 75 miles northwest of Hanoi.

The Vietminh command is believed to intend to re-equip them and fill gaps caused by casualties in the Dien Bien Phu battle with the greatest possible speed—and then to throw them against the French defences guarding the Delta perimeter.

The Vietminh, it is believed, plan to hurl these crack divisions against French key positions ringing the Delta, while an estimated 100,000 regulars and guerrillas go into action inside the Delta itself.

The French High Command is voluntarily evacuating some of the dispersed 2,000 military outposts strung out in the waterlogged rice paddies of the Delta for the sake of greater mobility and concentration of its limited forces.—Reuter.

Gang Murders 5 Farmers Woman Violated

Paris, May 28. A French woman today told how she and her five-year-old son saw her husband lined up against a wall and shot by a gang of uniformed terrorists near Ibbekour, about 75 miles southwest of Tunis.

She said her son cried out to his father's murderers "Don't kill me."

Five French farmers were murdered by the gang of about 30 men in raids on two farms in the area on Wednesday.

Madame Louis Bessece, wife of one of the shot Frenchmen, said, according to a report received here today, that her husband was writing a Mother's Day greeting to his mother when five men in battle dress burst into the farm waving carbines.

"My husband and my brother-in-law, who ran the farm together, were put up against the verandah wall and I heard a burst of machinegun fire," Madame Bessece said.

"I saw blood outlining the shape of their bodies on the white wall."

SON'S FLEA

"My five-year-old son, Christian, who had been playing on the verandah with a plastic aeroplane saw his father killed."

"He cried out to his father's murderers 'don't kill me!'"

Then the leader of the gang raped Madame Bessece while the others sprinkled petrol on the barn, the tractor, the reaper and the family car. They set fire to them and fled.

Bandits attacked another French farm ten kilometres away later that night. They seized money and arms and then shot down the three men running for their lives.

Only one of their wives was at the farm. She fled with her child through wheat fields.

Madame Bessece said two or three of the men were sandals, the others were barefoot. One of the men was blonde.

Troops and police hunting the gang have been told the blonde man might be a European as he did not appear to speak Arabic.

No's founder the farmers' bodies were signed by "Sass Lasque—Chief of the National Liberation Army" and promised a "fight to the end against French colonialism"—Reuter.

Two More Carrier Victims Die

Quonset Point, R.I., May 28. Two new deaths among the crew of the US aircraft carrier Bennington which caught fire on Wednesday while at sea, brings the death toll today to 87.—France-Press.

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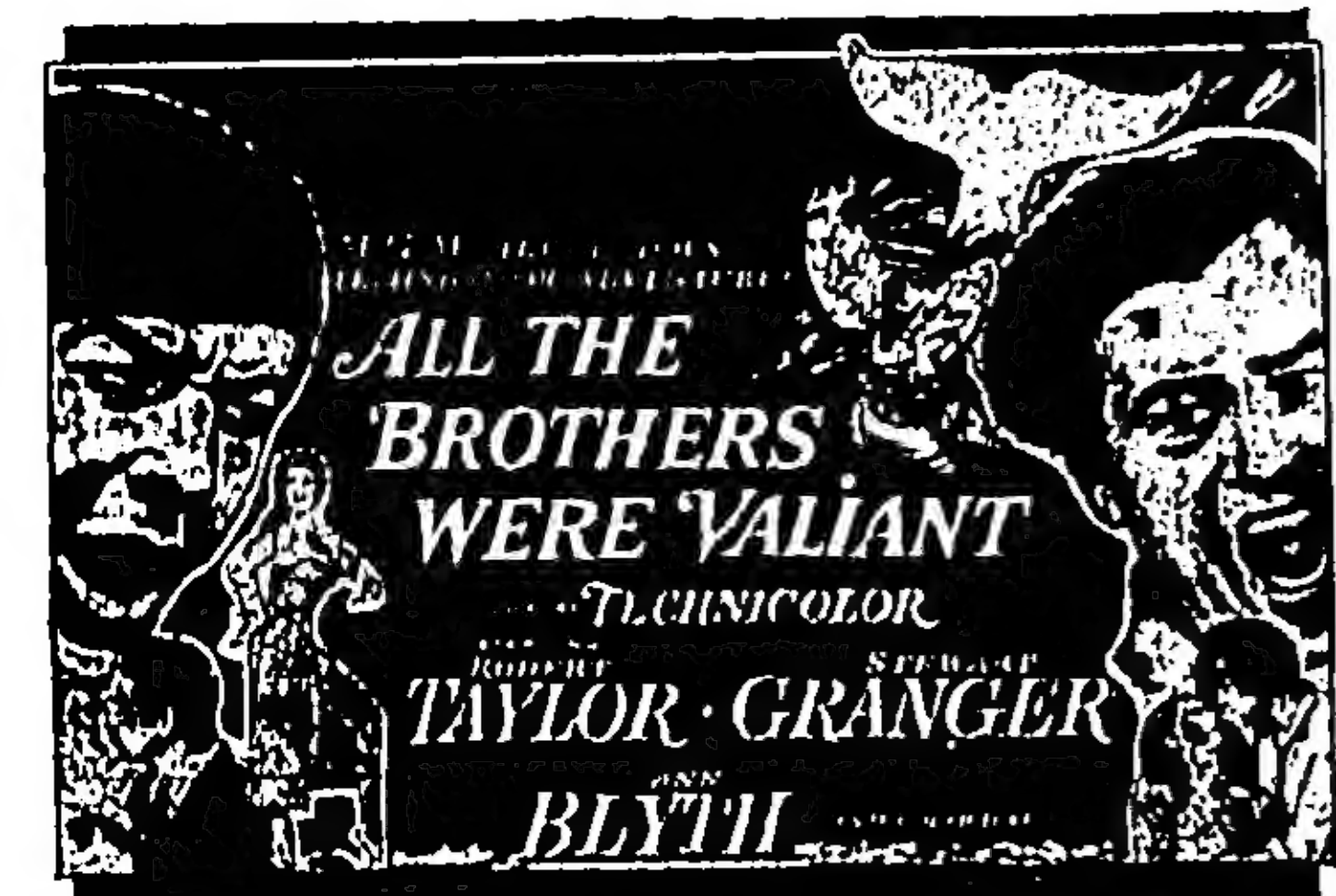
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Maureen O'HARA • PAUL LAWFORD
in "KANGAROO" IN TECHNICOLOR
AT REDUCED PRICES!

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

FILMS — CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

New releases to follow the currently running pictures will be, first, at the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA "THE COMMAND". After two months' work, these two houses are now ready to embark on CinemaScope. The first one is a Warner Brothers production.

While we're on the subject of the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA, a bouquet to them for their arrangement of their present programme. There will be many people eager to see "WELCOME THE QUEEN", whose interest isn't aroused by Westerns. So instead of having to sit through "RIDING SHOTGUN" before the Royal picture, they'll be able to see it and then leave if they want to.

Another mark in their favour is that in response to requests from schools they're bringing back "OLIVER TWIST" for two days' next week.

The PRINCESS unfortunately was forced to disappoint patrons looking forward to seeing there "IT STARTED IN PARADISE", the reason being that only one copy of the picture arrived in the colony. They got back to schedule with "THE CADDY" though, and together with the KINGS will be showing "CAMILIE" and a delayed "CHARGE OF THE LANCERS".

"SASKATCHEWAN" will move into the LEE and the GREAT WORLD and then you can see British comedy, "DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE". The latter is due to start on June 11, so I'll tell you about it in next week's column after I've seen the preview.

A much anticipated Gregory Peck picture, "NIGHT PEOPLE", will be the next big change at the ROXY and BROADWAY. It's due to start on June 3 but as the preview is due to take place early next week, I can only give you the gist of the story at the moment. "TOP SECRET" will be back for a day in the middle of the week just before the change-over.

The Yankees 'n Confedrats get another chance to bare their teeth at each other in "ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO" at the CAPITOL and LIBERTY — the bone being Eleanor Parker. Due to the success of "ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT", "ESCAPE" didn't start as early as I thought, so I still haven't seen it.

The HOOVER's due to show the musical "MELBA" on the 3rd or 4th of June, but although the Press is being invited to a preview of this Patrice Munsel film, again I'm afraid it's to be next week—not in time for this week's column.

In most CinemaScope films, the makers have concentrated on themes with some sort of spectacle element — musicals, historical romances and westerns and it's into this latter category that "THE COMMAND" falls.

I gave you a brief outline of it some two weeks back, but to save you shuffling through that stack of old papers the boy's secreted away, it stars Guy Madison and Joan Weldon as fellow travellers in a wagon train journeying through hostile Indian country.

He's in charge of the 7th U.S. Cavalry who are guarding the train and she is a civilian.

OF THE LOVELIEST

A French re-make of "CAMILIE" in CinemaScope will try to dislodge the old version from our minds—though a friend of mine who has seen the Carbo picture 35 times says nothing could possibly compare with it in her mind.

Not having seen the earlier one I'm at a disadvantage, but I do know that this "CAMILIE" with Micheline Presle in the title role is one of the loveliest and most moving films I've seen for a long time.



Guy Madison and Joan Weldon in "THE COMMAND".

The young lovers have a delicate hard to define and the contrasting scenes of vulgarity and lasciviousness point up the essential purity of their association. Every single one of the supporting players is well cast—many of them are from the Comedie Francaise—and the colouring, interiors and dresses are exquisite.

There are English sub-titles but, thank goodness, no dubbing. Shades of feeling are conveyed so much better by indications of voice than by actual words and a strident one reeling off translated lines would have spoiled many of the situations. The sub-titles are for the most part quite reasonable translations and quite

the Sioux threat to the Canadian northwest. Filmed in the Canadian Rockies, the scenery—from the Press Book—looks breathtaking.

The kidnapping of an American GI in Berlin starts the episode which makes the story of "NIGHT PEOPLE". The boy himself doesn't matter much as far as his character goes, but his father, played by Broderick Crawford, does.

Gregory Peck is the U.S. Army officer who tries to arrange the boy's release—by way of an exchange. The

pathetic couple the Russians want in exchange for the boy are Jill Esmond and her blind husband.

The Gregory Peck in "NIGHT PEOPLE" is quite a long way removed from the rather shy fellow of "THE MILLION POUND NOTE" and the happy to lucky reporter of "ROMAN HOLIDAY". In "NIGHT PEOPLE" he's rough and tough with Russians, Rita Gam and Anita Bjork impartially.

A BIT HARD

The publicity prophetically says that what "THE GREAT CARUSO" was to Mario Lanza, "MELBA" will be to Patrice Munsel. I hope Miss Munsel doesn't mind the comparison.

Being an opera star in her own right, naturally enough her career and that of the great personality she portrays come in for a lot of comparison — that she probably welcomes — but Melba was a far greater star than Lanza can ever hope to be and to compare her with him, in, I feel, a bit hard.

With her in the film are Robert Morley, the Australian actor John McCallum, the Salliers Wells dancer Violetta Elvin and Sybil Thorndyke, who plays Queen Victoria. The running time of the original was almost two hours and with the amount of music there is in it — there are extracts from no less than eleven operas — I shouldn't think it could have been successfully made in less time.

Little Rich Girl Makes Good

By MOORE RAYMOND

You there at the back of the class... Who was the timid Puritan wife of Gary Cooper in "High Noon"? I thought so. You recall the picture, the tune, and the man who beat the bandits. But you don't remember the girl.

Here's another question... Who was the cool, cecery-stalk of a wife who burst into flames under Clark Gable's crushing kiss one sultry evening in "Mogambo"?

Ah, so you do remember? Kelly, wasn't it? That's right, Grace Kelly. She was the "High Noon" wife too.

This blue-eyed blonde of 24 has suddenly become Hollywood's most-sought-after young actress.

And I mean actress — not hooper, strutter, crooner, or mooner—but actress.

To quote a Transatlantic scribbler: "1954 will be known as This Year Of Grace."

We'll be seeing her co-star in: "Dial M for Murder," with Ray Milland; "The Country Girl," with Bing Crosby; "Rear Window," with James Stewart; "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," with William Holden; "Green Fire," with Stewart Granger.

She's now at the enviable stage of stardom, when she can pick and choose her leading men with the fastidious hauteur of a debutante choosing a spring hat.

From what I hear she's always been choosy. She can afford to be because she's got rich parents and she doesn't have to hanker after a colossal salary.

Which is just as well. Reports say she's still being paid less than \$1,000 a week under her contract with M.G.M., who are sending her to other studios for as much as \$50,000 a picture.

THANKS JOB

How's this for a family? Father a wealthy building contractor of Philadelphia. Brother Jack an Olympic champion and twice a winner at Kenley. Uncle George a successful playwright who wrote, among other winners, "Craig's Wife."

Young Grace reached adolescence the smooth way. Exposed

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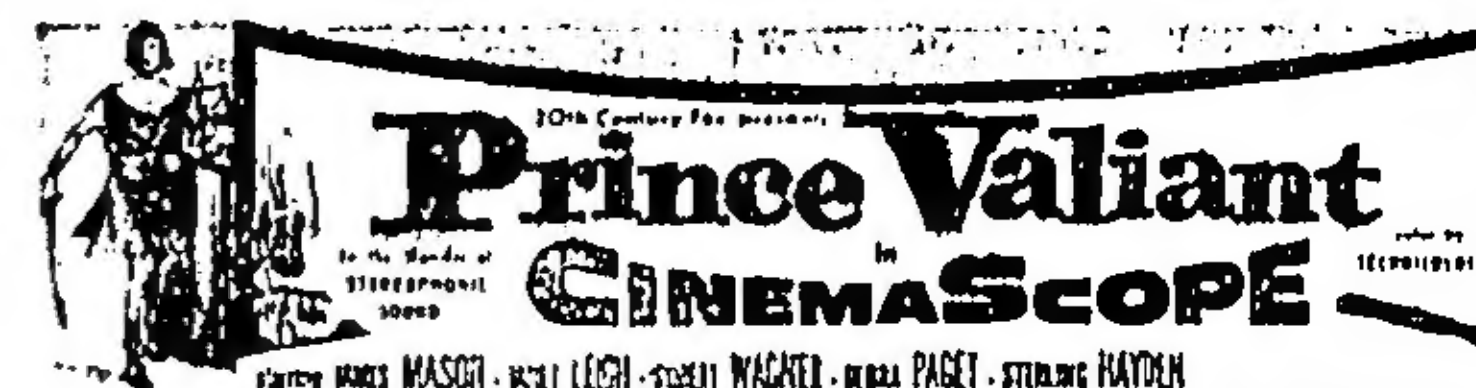


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CINEMASCOPE **NIGHT PEOPLE**
Starring: Gregory PECK • Broderick CRAWFORD

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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

It Will Hold You Like A Gold Diggin' Woman!



SPECIAL SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12 NOON
Abbott & Costello in "HOLD THAT GHOST"
Reduced Admission Prices: \$1.00 & \$1.50

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To-morrow: Sunday Morning Show 11.30
CARTOONS (R.K.O.)

EMPIRE **TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.00 NOON**

WARNER BROTHERS Presents
"ABBOTT and COSTELLO MEET CAPTAIN KIDD"
Starring: Abbott, Costello & Charles Laughton
AT REDUCED PRICES: \$1.00 & 70 CTS.

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Latest Theory—
Loch Ness Monster
Is An Eel

London.

A British scientist climaxed an inquiry into "sea serpents" by cautiously advancing a theory that the famed Loch Ness monster may be an eel.

Dr Maurice Burton of the Museum of Natural History made some qualifications, however, to avoid climbing out too far on a scientific limb.

Even so, Burton is the first scientist of note to even admit there might be such a critter.

All A
Matter Of
Taste

Christchurch.

The following news item is carried in full from the Christchurch Star-Sun:

"INVERCAIGILL. Southland whisky connoisseurs entertained an angel unaware recently. Some time ago the Licensing Trust bought 25 cases of an expensive whisky that was warmly recommended to them. One of the hotel managers who had been most persistent in his demand for a really good whisky was finally pacified with a promise of a few cases of the very best.

The Scotch with the unpronounceable name was sent down to him. Soon afterwards there was a wall of anguish.

"Hang it all," he said, "that's worse than anything we have had yet. I'm getting nothing but complaints."

It was also put into various bottle stores and in the bar of the Grand Hotel. Customers would come in, buy it, and after the first mouthful look wildly round for succor.

Finally it was relegated to a place out of sight.

Then two English tourists talked about whisky and criticised one particular brand.

"We have a worse brand than that," said the steward cheerily.

At their request he went out the back and returned with a bottle of the unpopular brand.

Their eyes roared.

"Where did you get that?" they gasped. "It's the best whisky in the world."

It turned out that it was a pure malt whisky, unblended, that came from the little Scotch village of Laphroair.

The two Englishmen bought all they could of it, at the standard price—in England they would have paid £4 a bottle for it—

and went away highly delighted with the unadvised taste of the New Zealand public.

United Press.

Burton said he had been listening for 30 years to stories from sailors and other seagoers who claim to have sighted some unknown animal of giant size. And for the past three decades Burton has been investigating these reports.

Many stories turned out to be optical illusions, imperfect observations, plain hoaxes and practical jokes.

But other reports came from competent observers and Burton could not dismiss them as irresponsible or inaccurate.

"The believers in sea serpents are far more numerous than might be supposed," Burton said. "But many who find the evidence credible are afraid to say so for fear of ridicule."

Burton said there was a remarkable similarity between sea serpent reports and the "sightings" of the famed Denizen of Loch Ness.

USUAL DESCRIPTION

"They generally refer to a beast of considerable length, moving swiftly, remaining on the surface for short periods and with a series of humps above the waterline as its most distinctive feature," Burton said.

This is the general description of the Loch Ness monster which generations of Scots and visitors to the lake have been broadcasting to a skeptical world.

Burton said the humps baffled scientists who could not imagine such an undulating spine. But now he thinks he has a possible answer.

From personal observation Burton has determined that five-foot conger eels can undulate the body so that humps appear above the waterline.

They also can live in salt or fresh water, and rise to the surface only infrequently.

Burton pointed out that a three-inch larva of the common fresh water eel grows into a three-foot adult. Recently, he said, larvae three feet long have been found, indicating an adult 36 feet or more long.

A Danish expedition dredged up a larva six feet long which presumably would have become an adult eel 72-feet long, Burton said.—United Press.



The life of a Scottish country gentleman has now really begun for the handyman-farmer, 12th Baronet of Mochrum, Wigtownshire. Sir Adrian Ivor Dunbar, Hero Sir Adrian, with his wife, are seen with a 14-pound salmon which Sir Adrian pulled out of the River Bladnoch, which runs through his estate. Sir Adrian is a 60-year-old naturalised American who this year inherited the title. — Reuterphoto.

The Best Maple Sugar And
Syrup Comes From The
Governor's Estate

Quebec City.

When it's maple syrup and maple sugar time in Quebec, even the Lieutenant-Governor taps the 525 maple trees on his estate to serve his guests.

Walking along the trail of trees giving up their sap, Lieutenant-Governor Gaspard Fauteux followed his Superintendent Emile Gauvin and his assistant Benoit Bergeron, testing the sugary sap. It was dumped into an oak barrel attached to a sled pulled by a horse "le Blond" who has taken a fancy to sweets.

"I think it would be a shame to deprive our guests from tasting a product of our trees," Fauteux said as he watched the rich sap fill aluminium cans hanging from aluminium taps.

During the spring, everyone in Quebec taps every maple tree on his property.

The annual pilgrimage from tree to tree belongs to a custom inherited from the Indians, who taught the French and the English how to get their sugar from the land.

In the early days of colonisation, under the French regime, maple trees helped missionaries teach the Christian faith to Indian children by "bribing" them into the school cabin for a piece of maple sugar or a palette of la tite (toffee), according to a veteran Quebecer.

Even today, Bois De Coulonge, the Vice-Regal Residence has not lost its character. The 525 maple were tapped at the start of the maple season, and employees made syrup gathering a daily routine.

Some 1,000 gallons of maple sap were turned into "Cubane a Sureau" (Maple making hut) where it was boiled over maple logs into 134 pounds of maple sugar and 182 bottles of rich syrup.

"We make our sugar and syrup according to the instructions of the provincial department of agriculture — and with this standard we make a syrup and sugar which has no better," said Fauteux.

By tapping the maple trees on our estate we are not trying to show off, but only making an effort to invite all those fellow citizens of ours who own land on which stand maple trees to use them to the improvement of their holding.

"I do not want to brag about the product of this estate, but I feel it is fit for a King or Queen," Fauteux said.—United Press.

Another American idea is "You are There" which will reproduce events in British history as though they were current. Recently they put on for the first time "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

But the programmes are generally serious and the BBC takes an adult stand toward its viewers.

One of the most popular weekly programmes is a round-table discussion by members of parliament and other public figures. Recently it debated homosexuality and the arrests of prominent persons on that charge.

Similarly, the BBC permits controversial discussions of religion in plays and salty dialogue that would never get by American networks.

Comedy programmes, in contrast to those in the United States, are well down on the popularity list. The TV comedy players are Terry Thomas, the team of Jimmy Jewel and Ben Warriss (a sort of Abbott and Costello act), Bob Monkhouse, Vic Oliver and Norman Wisdom.

The British go for topical jokes and will seize on any news event and work it to death for laughs. Even espionage.

Comedian: "Shh. These secret plans for a new British plane are known only to four Britons — and the Russian General Staff."

But a great many jokes are tame on both sides of the Atlantic. Bob Hope, Henny Youngman and other American comedians playing here have often commented on how completely their gags have preceded them.

The most popular programme in Britain is the nightly news-reef.

Second to the televising of bits of current plays and musicals direct from the theatre stage. Third are plays themselves, and here non-commercial TV has a distinct advantage because it is not limited by time schedules and can do plays and operas in their entirety—even if they run to two or three hours.—United Press.

Film Stars
Turning
To The
Night Clubs

Hollywood.

Hollywood stars with an eye on fat pay cheques are invading the nightclub field, with customers soon able to get even Esther Williams and Fernando Lamas with their steaks and Scotch.

Comedians, dancers and seasoned singers used to be the veteran entertainers in nightclubs. But in the day of fewer movie jobs the stars are whipping up acts and braving the saloon circuit.

Esther, minus a pool or bathing suit, plans to show she can do something besides a side-stroke when she opens at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas next summer. The gambling city is offering tempting money to any movie name that can offer a good routine.

Mac West, Terry Moore, Lamas, Jeff Chandler and opera star Helen Traubel are working up acts. Keefe Brinsdale, Van Johnson, Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Shelly Winters and Sonia Henie already have made nightclub debuts in Las Vegas.

Two enterprising filmtowners who are cashing in on the trend are Earl Brent, who writes nightclub acts, and Buddy Bregman, a music arranger. They specialise in doing material for actors who are wetting their feet in saloons for the first time.

MENTAL ATTITUDES
"After an actor comes to us, it takes a week to know each other," Brent explained. "During that time we talk to the person to find out what he can do."

"We've turned down some acts because of their mental attitudes. They ask you to write material, but then they start telling you how it should be done. After a long drawn-out fight they find what they want and it's embarrassing when they open in a club."

One of their recent accomplishments was a nightclub routine for Kent Taylor, the "Boston Blackie" of television, who had "never opened his mouth to sing before." Brent also wrote the nightclub act for Jane Powell while Bregman is in demand as an arranger for such entertainers as Joanne Gilbert, Kay Thompson, Van Johnson, Joel Gray and Anna Maria Alberg.

A star not long ago got up in a club and sang "Indian Love Call," said Brent. "Their name is a drawing card, but they have to have talent and a good routine."—United Press.

Poser For The
Police

Taipei.
A dignified Chinese gentleman, dressed in a long gown, recently strolled into the local train station, unrolled a patterned blanket and proceeded to make himself comfortable for the evening.

Informed by police that such was not allowed the ageing gentleman inquired if "it might be possible for me to spend the evening in your honourable goal?"

The police, disconcerted somewhat by his cultivated Chinese, reluctantly apologised that the goal was packed for the evening but suggested a free train ride to southern Formosa and his family.—United Press.



Soon to be the pride of Welsh Boy Scouts is this fearsome-looking thunderbird being carved in Canada by Indian totem pole maker Mrs Ellen Noel, of Vancouver. Mrs Noel is a member of the Quilquatenak tribe and the totem she makes relate symbolically events from the tribe's history. — Reuterphoto.

After 58 Years He's
Still There

Winnipeg.

Skipper Holst came to Canada in 1896, with the idea of staying until he made a fortune and returning to his native Sweden. He's still here.

HISTORIC
NEW FINDS
IN EGYPT

Abydos, Egypt.

Archaeologists have unearthed from under a palm grove hill in this ancient city a completely new wing of the pillared temple of Pharaoh Seti I, the warrior ruler of Egypt 13 centuries before Christ.

The sand-clearing excavations brought to light an uncharted hall of the temple extending on its southern side, as well as a massive enclosure wall bearing coloured battle scenes of the wars in which the Pharaoh fought.

These buried and forgotten vestiges of Seti's reign in the 19th dynasty were dug up after months of arduous shovelling deep into the heart of the hill by teams of diggers before the archaeological could reach the temple's new southern wing, hidden for centuries under the mound.

The rubble-filled hall was found flanked by pillars on both sides, and the floor was paved with large limestone tiles.

A clue the archaeological are now following in that the level of this hall is four and one half metres above the rest of the temple. This has spurred the belief that there may be yet other sections of the temple blocked under the sands in the same hilly region.

The newly discovered enclosure wall stands three metres high and more than one metre thick, on the eastern side of the ancient temple. Multi-coloured battle scenes and hieroglyphic inscriptions on the wall represent an account of the many wars Seti I waged in Palestine, Syria and Asia—the crowning successes of his reign.

In the area between the enclosure wall and the temple itself the archaeological struck upon three square-shaped wells. These are believed to have been used for water storage by the ancient Egyptians.

Construction of the temple was started by Seti I, and after his death was completed by his son Ramess II at a time when Abydos was a glittering city where the Pharaohs held court. The temple ruins now are surrounded by desert wastes dotted by clusters of palm trees.—United Press.

The Lake of the Woods gold rush was on when Holst arrived here, and he intended to find the gold. He wasn't a lucky prospector, and after trying his hand at farming, he heard talk of a railway project running through the Minnaki area in Ontario.

Skipper Holst was never a man to lose an opportunity, so he took possession of a large tract of the wooded country from Gunn Lake to the Winnipeg river junction. Holst guessed that a railway project would bring workers with money to spend, so he built a store.

That was in 1896, and Holst still had no intention of staying in Canada permanently. His store prospered, first with railway construction workers' money, and then in 1909, with vacationers.

TOURISTS' LODGE

He met the influx of tourists by building a lodge which could, and did, house as many as 129 tourists at one time.

"People didn't mind doubling up in those days," he said, "and they didn't need a private bath, either."

The summer visitors kept coming even though Holst didn't advertise much. A Pittsburgh millionaire and Winnipeg businessman stand out in his memory, because they returned each year for more than 20 summers.

Skipper Holst operated his tourist business for 30 years, even though he didn't intend to live in Canada permanently. When he reached the age of 74 he decided to sell his business interest in the lodge, but he kept his own cabin at the lake.

Today, at 85, Holst still spends six months of the year at the camp which he developed from uninhabited bush land to a popular resort for summer visitors.

Every few years he travels to other resort areas, and cruises to Florida or the Caribbean or California. But each time when he returns home, and gets his boat out on the lake he made famous, he says:

"It always seems the most beautiful spot in the world to me."—United Press.

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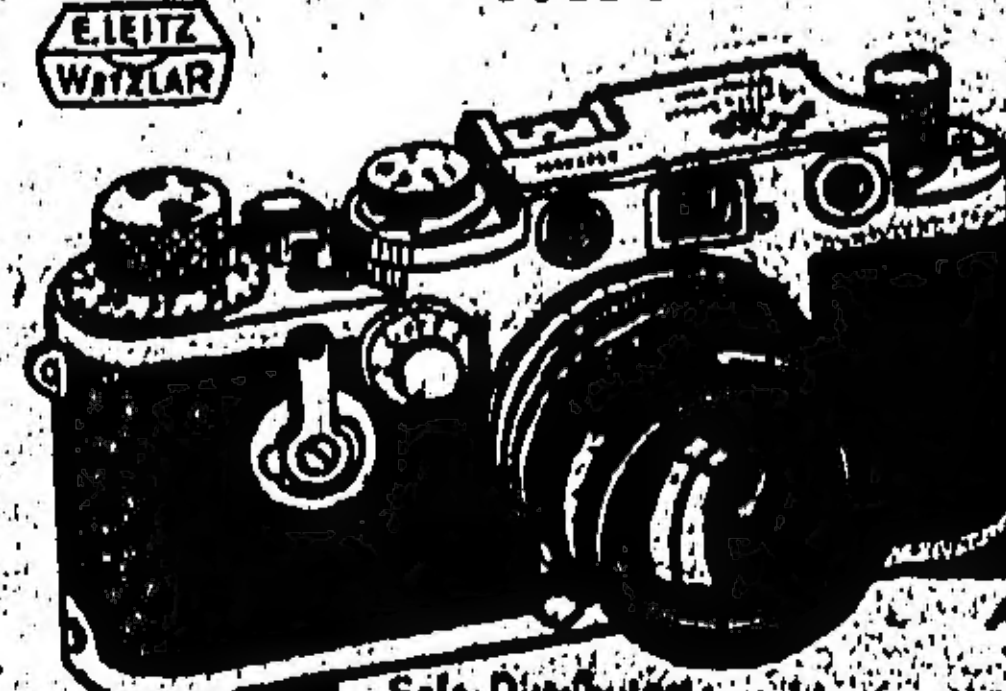
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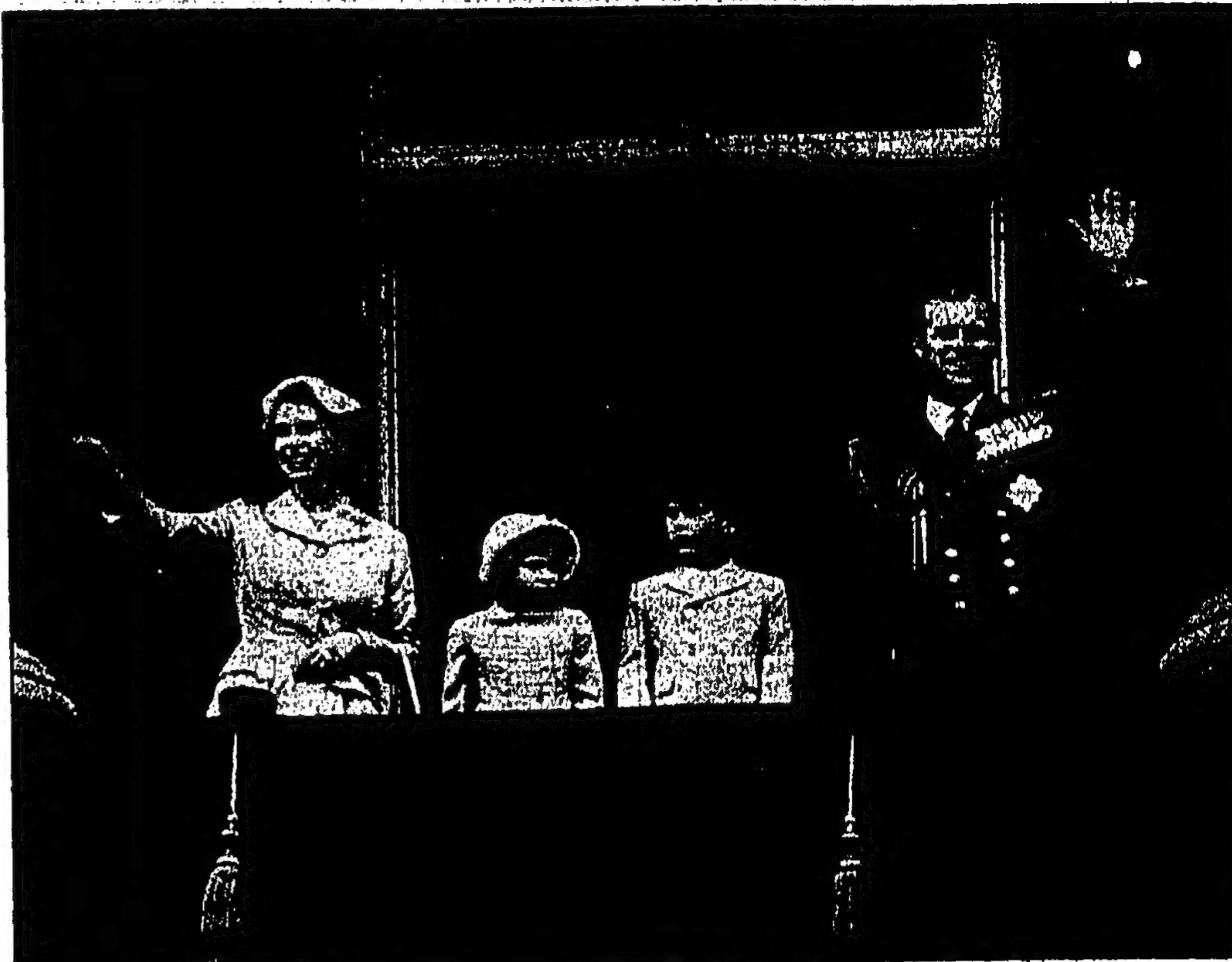
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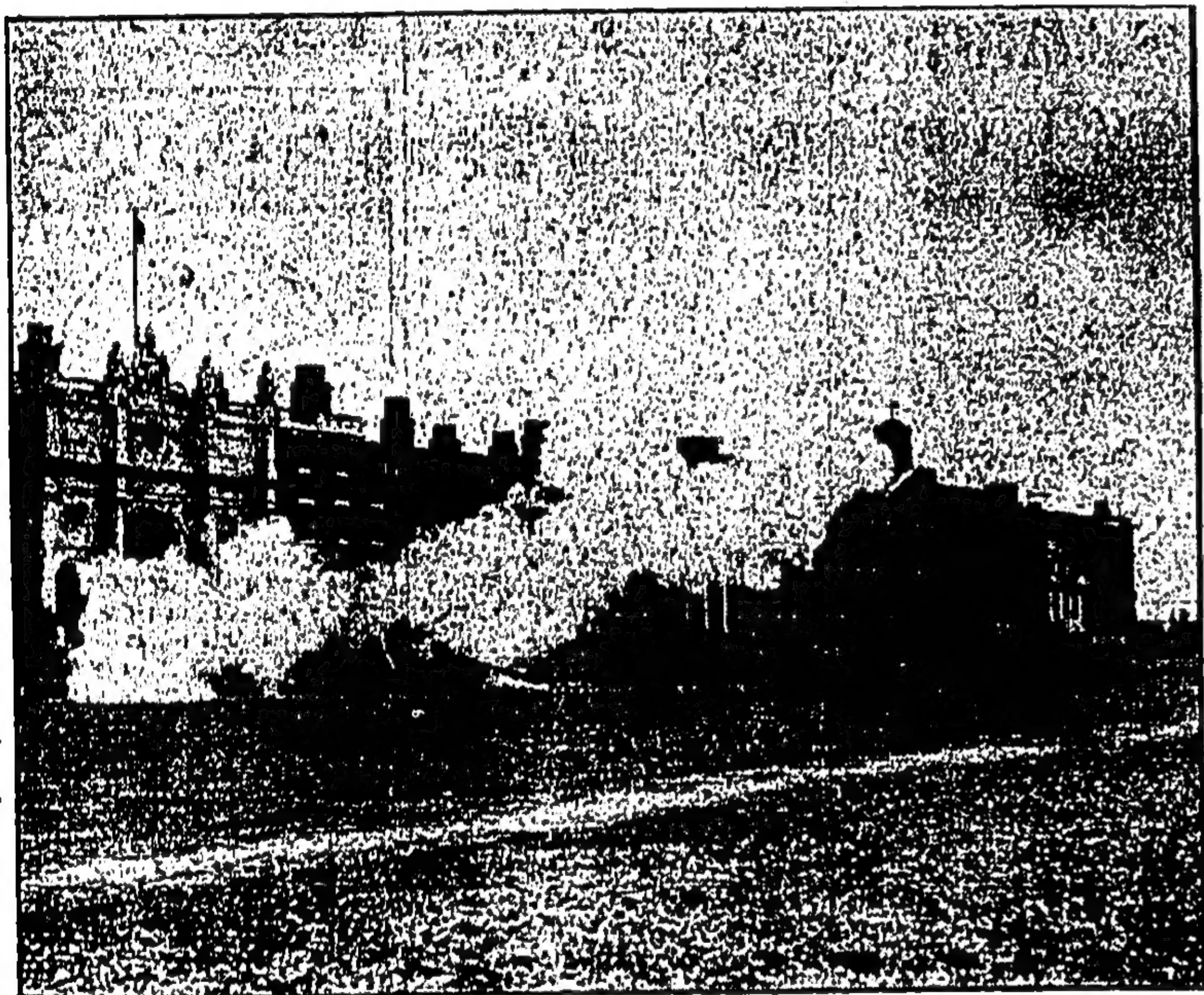
THE QUEEN AND FAMILY WELCOMED HOME



Cheered along the route to Buckingham Palace. (Express)



Waving to the crowds from the Palace balcony. (Express)



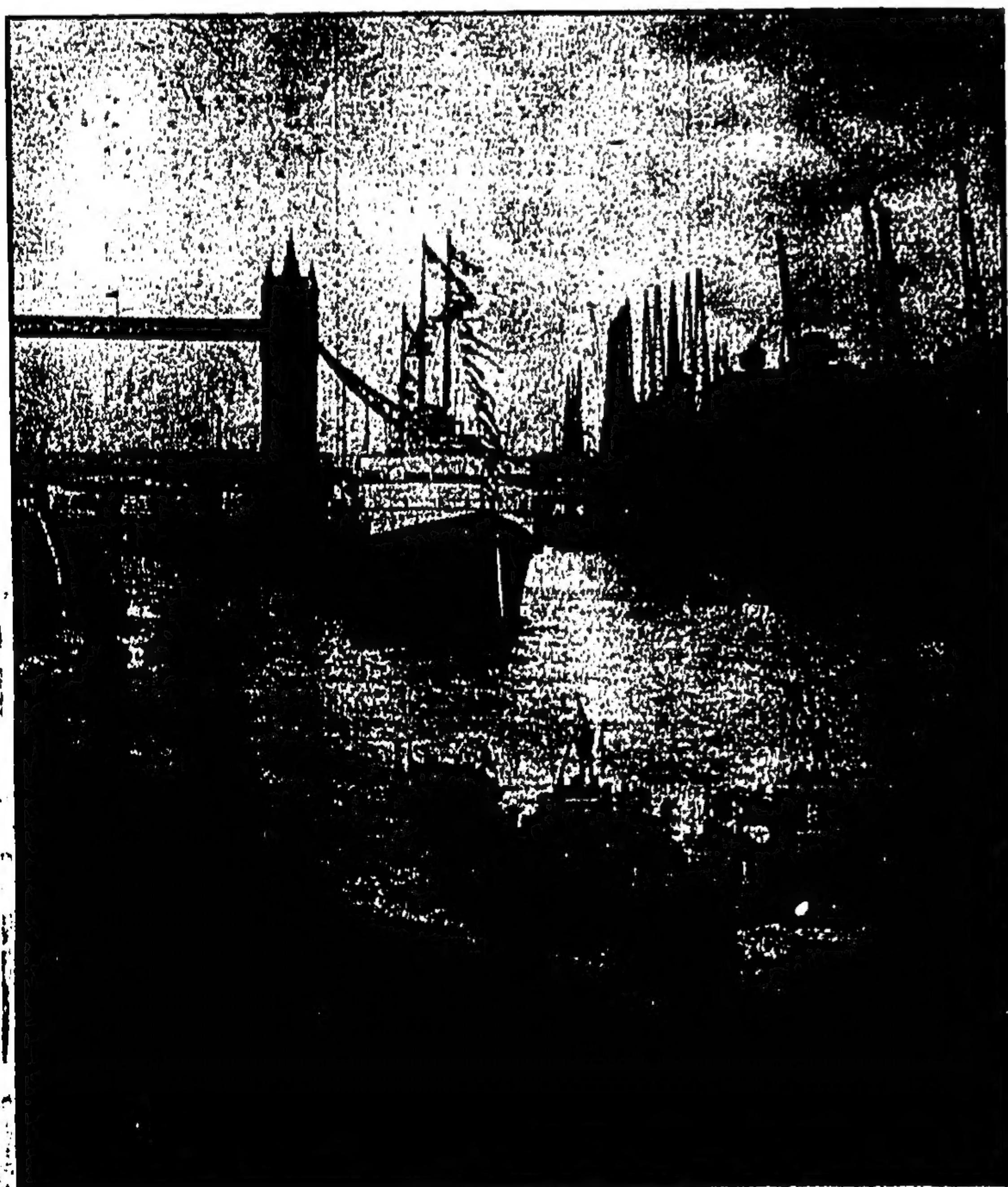
Salute fired by the guns of Woolwich Depot. (Army News)



Her Majesty steps ashore at Westminster Pier.



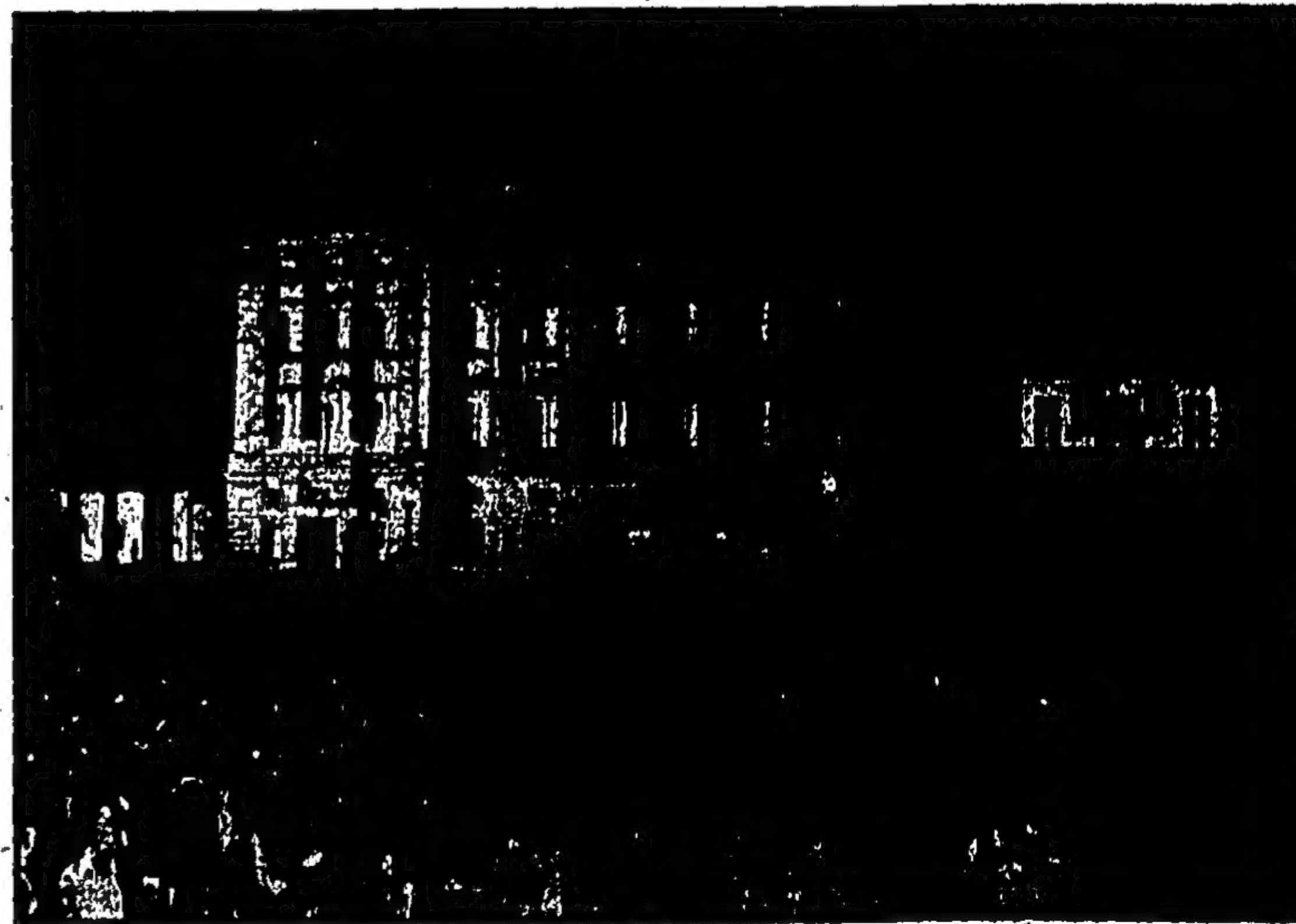
Three cheers from sailors as Britannia goes up the Thames Estuary. (Express)



The Royal Barge leaving the Royal Yacht Britannia in the Pool of London.



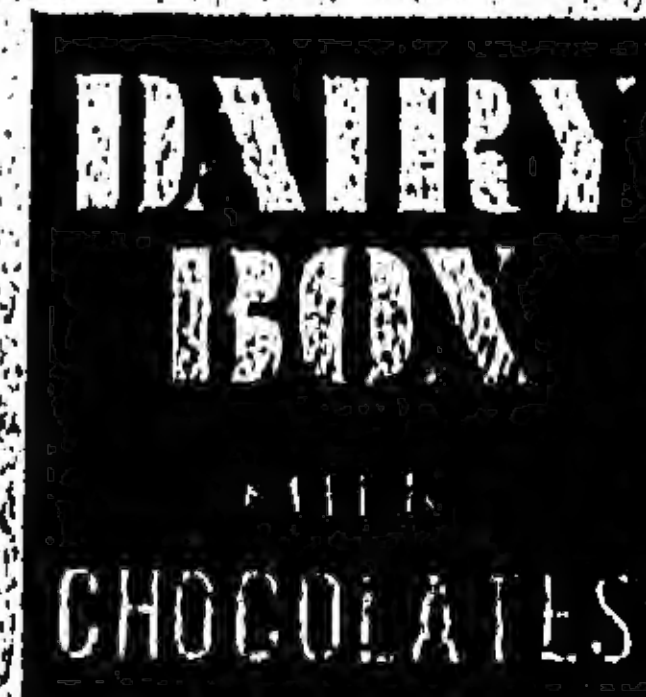
The Queen inspecting the Guard of Honour at Westminster Pier. (Express)



Night scene at Buckingham Palace when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh appeared again on the balcony.

NANCY

By Mik



The Wise Madame Butterfly

By Richard Hughes

Tokyo. THERE are no blondes or Marilyn Monroes in Japan. But the most critical Westerner, who finds much to frustrate and dismay him in the land of the Rising Sun, always pays homage to the Japanese woman.

She is delectable, gay, charming, faithful, affectionate, selfless, tolerant, poised and essentially feminine.

She knows that her first, and indeed only, duty is to her lord and master, who so often fails to appreciate the treasure which Japanese tradition and evolution have, maternally, bestowed on him.

The worst harm that the Occupation did to Japan was to impose certain Occidental refinements such as chewing gum, juke-box music, public displays of affection and unattractive make-up on a young, impressionable and less intelligent strata of the girls.

But even these, one feels, were only fleeting besmirchments, which the great majority of the girls resisted, because of their innate sensitivity. Their influence will soon bring the evening back into grace once more.

REAL VALUE

The Western suffragette nonsense—what is amusingly described as "equality of the sexes"—has naturally repelled the Japanese women, who, unlike so many British, European, and most American women, know the real value of a contented and contented husband or lover, unfettered by nagging and frustrated womanfolk, and skillfully deluded into the notion that he is the most heroic, masterful and intelligent of his superior species.

One of the gravest blows which General MacArthur suffered during the Occupation was the result of the public opinion poll conducted by the Asahi, Japan's leading newspaper, among Japanese women on their reactions to Western men's hypocritical courtesies to women.

To the specific questions whether they wished to continue the Western practices of having men yield their seats in trams and trains, stand back when entering dining rooms and theatres, and carry the parcels, they offered a ringing and overwhelming "No."

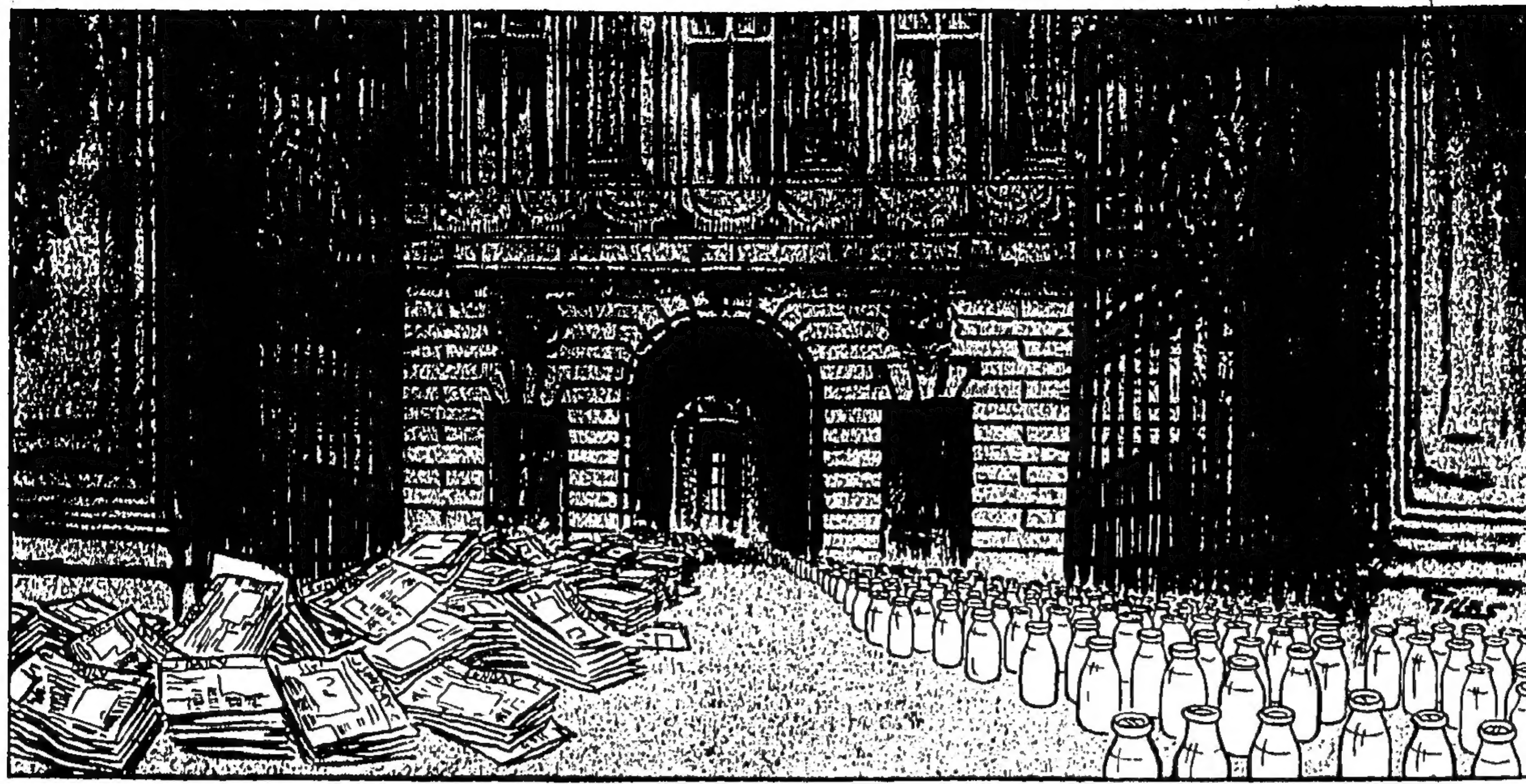
The vote against these "civilities" was around 80 percent.

Many of the women agreed, spontaneously, independently, subtly and profoundly, on the same explanation: "The men wouldn't like it; and, if the men don't like it, it will not help to make us happy."

REAL WISDOM

Here is real feminine wisdom—an intuitive sagacity, which has been tragically denied to many Western women who, not content with casting the vote, want to scramble for the vote themselves, by any means, selecting their husbands' ties, humiliating them in public, conforming servile domestic chores upon them, opening their personal mail, manipulating the confidence trick of the joint banking account and "inspiring" to fields of "public" endeavour for which an uneminent Providence, nature, designed nor fitted the feminine mind and the feminine attributes.

The spectacle of Madame Butterfly, in gorgeous kimono, coquetting with fan and side-long glance, bowing with provocative humility before gratified male getting her own way while appearing not to do so, and adorning the scene with wit, flattery or restraint as circumstances demand, is one to gladden the heart of the elderly misogynist and to turn the head of the discerning adolescent.



WELCOME HOME

London Express Service

What a man! How we need such crackling vitality!...

ARNOLD BENNETT was decidedly a somebody. He was an author who had become an institution; a journalist who had become an oracle.

Pavement artists drew him. He was cheered at first nights. Women got on wrong buses just to look at him. He was asked to stand for Parliament.

He shared a telephone box with Tullulah Bankhead. He was asked to lunch by Lloyd George. The Prince of Wales told him he approved of his soft shirt.

Anachronism

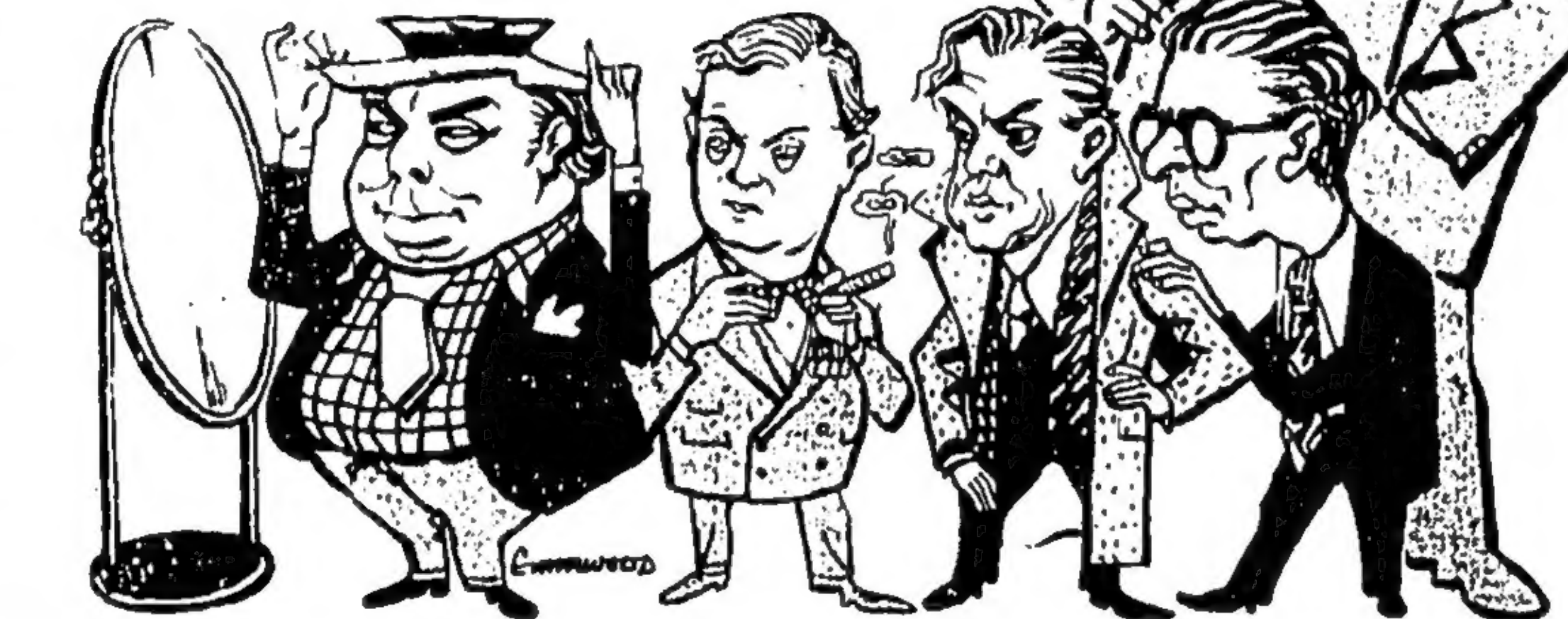
BENNETT'S Journals, which, along with five of his novels, Penguin are about to republish, scrupulously catalogue the adulation, the fame, the money and the luxury that surrounded and soothed him like a warm bath.

It is not easy for us, less than three decades later, to appreciate the extraordinary position Arnold Bennett held in English life. For we live in an age where a literary giant is almost an anachronism. Even pygmies are hard to find.

Post-war Britain can boast of its scientists, its mountaineers, its athletes, its engineers, its actors. But it would need a rabid chauvinist to raise a cheer for our men of letters.

Yet how different in Bennett's day. Then Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, Galsworthy, Belloc were leading each other for pre-eminence in the public eye.

*The Grand Babylon Hotel, Anna of the Five Towns, Riceyman Steps, The Old Wives Tale, Clayhanger.



SO OFTEN HUDDLING TOGETHER CLUCKING DELIGHT AT THEIR OWN REFLECTIONS...

Prolific

It was their conscious involvement in the social issues of the day that changed their stature from men of literature to men of authority. They were not content to huddle together in war coterie clucking delight at their own reflections.

Shaw and Wells propagandised feverishly for the Left. Chesterton and Belloc thundered on the Right. Galsworthy's plays blazed with indignation over injustice. Bennett's prolific journalism dealt with every aspect of contemporary England from the League of Nations to the tipping of waiters.

Kipling and Hardy were still alive, but past their real greatness. Aldous Huxley was a promising minor figure. It was an atmosphere that crumbled with the vitality of change. There were Victorian novels to be smashed and Edwardian shibboleths to be shattered. And writers were up there with the leaders of the wrecking crew.

And, indeed, towards the end of the 1914-18 war Bennett served as Director of Propaganda under Lord Beaverbrook, the Minister of Information. For his services Bennett was offered a peerage. "I want nothing," was his reply. "Give it to Harry Lawder."

As the book critic for the Evening Standard in the twenties, Bennett's word was almost omnipotent. A column of praise from him and books like *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and *Jessie* rocketed to best-sellerdom. A recommendation for a book on how to slim brought queues of corpulent readers to the book shops.

Now where are the literary figures of today to match these dynamic personalities of 30 years ago? Since the end of the war there has emerged only one new playwright, Christopher Fry, and one new poet, Dylan Thomas, of any significance.

But it is the novelists who have been the most disappointing. Aldous Huxley has retreated into mysticism. Evelyn Waugh looks down his nose with petulant disgust at the present.

E. M. Forster has just stopped writing novels. And J. B. Priestley is just tired.

The only authors to use their pens to probe the conscience of our times—George Orwell and Graham Greene—have, strangely enough, been the most discarded. They saw in Catholicism and the Police State, offering opposing solutions to man's fate, fit subjects for the 20th century novelist.

Uncertainty

MOST of the others have been content to try their hand at feline, sensitive, introspective writing. They have nothing to say but they can make it sound beautiful.

After 10 years not a single important novel about the last war has yet been produced. In a year quivering from the effects of the H-bomb, Asiatic resurgence, the changing social structure of Britain, it was L. P. Hartley's *The Go-Between*, a fragile study of a 12-year-old boy in 1900, that won the most acclaim as the English novel of 1953.

It seems to take part in what is just one big conspiracy with a single, cheerful aim—to cheat the Revenue.

Officially, the inhabitants' livelihood is mainly derived from fishing and seal-catching. Occasionally they catch a very rare species of seal, the ring-seal. Or at least so I was told.

I have always been rather wary of stories from Haparanda. In days when there has been a dearth of news, thrilling reports about the most improbable events have sometimes found their way into the newspapers—and such reports have often been labelled "Haparanda."

Well, now I have seen it, and, since I have breathed the improbable atmosphere of this improbable town, I somehow feel I should have given those tall tales of the past the benefit of the doubt.

by MILTON SHULMAN

Conditions, it should be added, are not much better in America where this year no Pulitzer Prize for the best novel of the year could be awarded since none was considered good enough.

Reasons for the decline of the novel are many and obvious. Television and the cinema have diverted much potential talent. Authors, encouraged by publishers, have cocked their eyes in the direction of the best-seller lists rather than the prize of posterity. And the public have found in tales of real life—Kondraty, Everest, The Wooden Horse—excitement more vivid and gripping than anything that can come from a writer's imagination.

But an even more clammy hand on the author's desire to grapple with his times is the atmosphere of uncertainty and resignation which envelops us all. Authors not only lack the equipment for dealing with contemporary problems; they do not even seem to know what the problems are.

Until they do, and until they come out from under their snug literary vacuum, the novel will continue to fall into disrepute and the days of the great men of literature remain as remote as they are now.

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ETERNA

Haparanda Is The Brightest Spot Under The Midnight Sun—But IT'S TORTURE FOR A TAX-GATHERER

By FRED MANOR

Haparanda, Sweden. THE magic name of Haparanda has always conjured in my mind visions of seals gambolling on ice-floes, of Arctic sun (shining at midnight in the summer), or of reindeer cautiously poking their heads out of the frozen forest in the winter time.

In reality, Haparanda is all of this. It is also one of Europe's largest smuggling centres.

The same winter snow and ice envelop the twin towns of Finnish Tornio and Swedish Haparanda, situated on the mouth of the Tornio River, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. But the difference between the two towns is that of two worlds.

On one bank is the stern austerity of Finland. On the other bank is the exuberant luxury of Sweden.

In Finland, coffee is strictly rationed and expensive. Across the bridge there are unlimited quantities of cheap and good coffee. And, to a Finn, coffee means as much as whiskey to a Scotsman or an Irishman; wine to a Frenchman, or tea to an Englishman.

There is very little fruit in Finland. But a three-minute walk across the bridge linking Haparanda

with Tornio—a bridge that can be crossed with remarkable ease—will bring the shopper to mountains of bananas from the West Indies, of grapes from Italy and Spain, and of peaches from California.

Not all the shopping across the bridge is, as innocent. Watched diamonds and gold change hands at one bank or the other, or somewhere in the midst of the frozen Gulf.

There is something uneasy in the atmosphere of Haparanda. A town of 3,000, it was born out of a war 150 years ago, and it thrives on international affairs. It has no proper harbour, and no industries, all around it are frozen fields and forests. But its shops will equal any store in

the world in their ostentatious display of luxury goods—a display that appears somewhat incongruous in this Arctic wilderness gripped in 88 degrees of frost.

There is, in fact, nothing incongruous about the shops or their goods. There is a brisk turnover in all articles displayed, and in many which are not displayed. But the customers—these—are different from the usual run of shoppers.

The mule hints exchanged in leisurely fashion across the counter, the half-finished sentences muttered over marble-top tables in crowded cafes reminiscent of Paris—these are all part and parcel of the Haparanda shopping technique. The whole town seems to take part in what is just one big conspiracy with a single, cheerful aim—to cheat the Revenue.

REAL DANGER OF ARAB-JEW CLASH

By Ronald Fredenburgh

THE threat of serious conflict hangs darkly over the Middle East. Intermittent frontier incidents between Israel and the neighbouring Arab States have brought the tension to a critical stage. At any moment, they might touch off an explosion, while the world's attention is centred on Southeast Asia.

Racial passions, and the bitterness felt since Britain's withdrawal from Palestine in 1948, have gradually been mounting. Neither side wants war. But the moderates in both camps have seen their influence waning and hopes of a compromise settlement vanishing.

Frontier raids are claimed to be instigated by extremists on both sides. In some cases this may be true. But most of these raids have arisen, naturally enough, from the Arabs' attitude towards Israel.

The Refugees

Nearly three-quarters of a million Arabs fled from Palestine when the Israeli state was proclaimed in 1948. Most of these unfortunate refugees still remain herded together in camps just over the frontier in Jordan, Egypt, Syria and the Lebanon. They live in conditions of unbelievable hardship and squalor, barely kept alive by a pittance of food supplied by the United Nations. This relief is given through a handful of devoted officials, who have funds to provide only 12 shillings' worth of food per month to each refugee.

The Arab States have done practically nothing to help these unfortunate refugees. To resettle them outside Israel, it is contended, would mean the tacit recognition that they are reconquered to the loss of the homes and holdings they abandoned when they fled from Palestine. But the Arabs insist vehemently that these lost properties still belong, legally and morally, to the refugees, and that sooner or later they will be regained.

Reprisals

It is this passionate conviction which leads to the frontier troubles. The Arabs alter across the frontier to steal a few cattle or sheep, or to collect some of the oranges and onions which they regard as their own looted property. When this has occurred a number of times, the Israelis retaliate with a well-organised, ruthlessly conducted reprisal raid into Arab territories.

These frontier raids have gone on almost nightly for the past five years. The outside world has heard of them only when they have reached an unusually high point in terms of death and devastation.

The Arabs have never recognised the Israeli State and have no intention of doing so. It will disappear, they are firmly convinced, through its own inherent economic frailty, accentuated by the Arab blockade.

They bitterly resent the help that Israel has been given by America and Britain, and the influence which they believe the Jewish race exerts on the foreign policies of the Western Powers and in the United Nations. This feeling leads them to fear and oppose any further United Nations action in the Arab-Israeli dispute.

Self-confidence

Recently, the Arab States have been drawing more closely together as the threat of conflict has increased, and this has helped to restore their self-confidence, shattered by the defeats inflicted upon them by Israeli forces in the fighting in 1948-49. The respect for Israel's military power still remains, but it is doubtful if this would be strong enough to restrain popular feeling in a moment of sudden, intense crisis.

Israel has compelling reasons not only to avoid open war, but to reach full understanding

with the Arab States. Her economy is being sapped by her heavy military expenditure, by the loss of valuable manpower to the armed forces, and the cessation of all trade with her Arab neighbours. Israel depends for her economic existence on loans and grants from the American and British Governments, and on a flow of donations from Jews all over the Western world. Seven-eighths of her total income is derived from these sources.

Extremists

Her only source of power for the new industries she is building up is Israeli oil. Her main export is citrus fruit. There are signs that Jewish resistance, from abroad, have been falling off in recent months. She is in no position to wage a costly, and possibly a prolonged, war. But her extremists are more concerned with racial prestige than with revenue figures.

Moderate, far-sighted people are to be found on both sides who deplore the present vicious drift. To them, the only hope of avoiding war, sooner or later, would be a settlement imposed by the United Nations, or by the leading Western Powers.

Such a settlement, they admit, would be resisted and resented by Jews and Arabs alike. In any case, they fear that the Powers will hesitate too long to grasp so prickly a nettle, especially now they are so deeply embroiled in Far Eastern questions.

A candid question for parents

Do You Ever Let Your Child Down?

By LADY PAKENHAM

A TYPICAL brains trust question runs like this: "If the team could change sexes, what qualities would they choose in a husband or wife?"

I want to adapt this question to parents: "If you could become children again, what qualities would you put first in your parents?"

I wonder how many of you would chalk up CONSISTENCY near the top?

To be consistent means, literally, to "stand together." Your child "knows where he stands" when you are consistent because what you say or do "stands together."

Children are map-makers. Every day they plot new landmarks and explore a little further into the country called "life." Parents are their signposts.

We adults expect sign-posts to be the same thing always. At my gate a sign-post says LONDON 48. I don't expect it to change suddenly and say 38 at night or 68 on a Bank Holiday. I want it to be consistent, whatever the road conditions.

CHILD'S MAP

Parents must be like that too. They must not give heavy punishments because they themselves have a headache. Or light ones because they have won on the pools.

The child's map is very simple at first. He expects all things to be exactly as he has read or heard about them. No variety. No deviation. When his expectation is contradicted he feels let down.

A London reader took his six-year-old daughter to see a foreign royalty arrive at Waterloo Station. "But, daddy, that can't be a king," she protested, "he isn't wearing a crown."

Even animals are expected to be consistent in their habits. A small boy was taken to see a friend's badger, perching on her finger. Home again, he explained most of the goldfish water on the floor, trying to make his pet fish do the same.

A two-year-old was told hens went to sleep "on sticks." Fast-forward some horses on their way home, he asked: "Do horses go to bed on sticks too?"

A child wrongly expects nature to be consistent. But

KENNETH MACAULAY returns to Persia after three years

I LEARN TO DRINK TEA — WITH A SOCIAL GRACE

TEHERAN. THE trickiest accomplishment one has to learn on returning to Persia after three years is to drink tea with social grace.

The tea is served in small glasses holding about six ounces, and mounted in exquisitely chased silver holders, work of the hands of the craftsmen of Isfahan or Tabriz.

It is served scalding hot and should be drunk almost immediately at that temperature.

The difficulty is that there is no saucer. You do not remove the spoon and put it on the table, or wave it vaguely about to emphasise your point. You drink the tea with the spoon in the glass, and it takes some finesse to avoid poking your eye out or at any rate giving an appearance of gaucherie.

But the danger of an optical disaster has passed now that I have been here a fortnight—a fortnight that has had the quality of a recurrent dream, a dream in which one feels "All This Has Happened To Me Before."

It began as I drove from the airport along the great Reza plain, denuded now almost completely of top soil to make gardens for Teheran millionaires, and black with the smoke of stone crushers making road ballast.

Just think of it. This was once the fertile land where the ancient Persians bred their famous war horses, powerful enough to carry a warrior weighed down by the new-fangled steel armour.

Now all it can support is a herd or two of tough sheep and goats. On the left-hand side, the mountains, towering to 15,000 feet and more, still have their mantles of snow which is not likely to melt completely until mid-June.

A Surprise

FURTHER east and beyond the city is beautiful Damavand, a perfect picture-book peak with a plume of driven snow blowing from it like a lesser Everest.

I tell myself that when I get into the city I shall see the results of the years that the locusts ate—the three years in which that crazed demagogue Mossadegh brought his proud country to political disaster. But as my taxi reaches the first metropolitan roundabout,

where a statue of the great Shah Reza stands with his back to the city, a character I remember from the old days as a not very efficient down-town clerk recognises me and swishes by, waving courteously, in a shiny new American car.

Well, he seems to have done all right for himself in the dark night of economic penury which was supposed to have settled on Persia.

The taxis, I notice, now have their mudguards painted white for better recognition at night. Nearly all are British cars, and quite a few are not more than eighteen months old.

Th motorcar is as much the badge of elegance in Persia as the swimming pool is in the United States, so that it was a little surprising to find, as my taxi continued down Avenue Shah Reza, that there were more American cars than you could shake a stick at.

My hotel looks exactly the same. The janitor still looks like Joe Stalin, but is more pleasant and obliging.

I wonder if I shall get my old room on the second floor which faces north and never gets the hot summer sun.

But no. I am escorted to a new wing, an annex that has been built since I was here, with spacious bed-sitting rooms, bathrooms, and neatly built-in furniture.

By Barter

AN evening stroll discovers a fleet of fine, new, blue-and-cream buses, more powerful and luxurious than Persia has ever known before. They are German and have been acquired by barter. Some say they will not be paid for for another seven years.

Who would have believed that those rugged individualists, the Persians, could ever be persuaded to queue, except under armed guard?

But they do. Meekly they wait, and the only jostling occurs when there is a rush for

the bus-stop shelters during a shower of rain.

A walk down Ferdowsi, named after a famous Persian poet, and what do I find? Bath-rooms! Monumental examples of American plumbing, massive, shining chromium taps, shower cabinets big enough, almost, for a week-end cottage.

Some of the other hotels have been spruced up too, and I see that the "cracked mirror" style of interior decoration, favoured in every big house from the palaces to the British Embassy residence, has gone out.

The story is that in the old days a German architect was building a new hotel for Shah Reza and a crate arrived with its mirror glass shattered.

"What's the meaning of this?" roared the Shah, who was terrible in a temper, and would toss contractors who displeased him into gaol at the drop of a hat.

"The glass was meant to be shattered. They say the dis-

back tomorrow and you shall see a sight that will charm you."

So all night workmen toiled sickling the fragments of mirror on the wall highly-plagued. These gave a thousand reflections which delighted the Shah, and so began the cracked mirror era which has lasted in fashion until now.

Oh, Yes — OIL!

AS before, in that other existence of mine in Persia, there is at least one word in every conversation that I can understand. It is Naft (pronounced the "n" as "ah") which means "oil."

Now the Persians realise that if they want to get into the oil business again they will have to call on Occidental know-how. And to do that they will have to deal—as one American put it—with the men with hair on their chests.

Persians genuinely want a settlement. They say the dispute will be settled. They say quavered the architect. "Come it has GOT to be settled."

Do you own one of these valuable cars?

Take this precaution now to keep it 'lively' and protect it against premature old age

Ask yourself this. How much is your car worth today—how much will it be worth in 3 or 4 years' time? Will it depreciate quickly—or can you prolong its 'life' and value?

How your car loses value
Your car is only as good as its engine. Good looks are worthless unless accompanied by good engine performance. Engine wear is the enemy. When your car loses 'pep' when she flags on hills—becomes 'floppy'—unresponsive—these are the warning signs. She's getting old before her time. Losing value. Money. Unfortunately engine wear is like tooth decay—you don't know it's happening until it's happened. So what can you do? You can take one simple precaution

—but first, let's look at the cause of wear.

What causes engine wear?
To some extent—friction. That is, metal rubbing on metal. Now, all good oils give protection against friction—but engines still wear out. Shell experts wanted to know why—they looked for other causes. After years of patient research, they found that most wear in engines is caused by acid action—or corrosive wear. This occurs when moisture in your engine combines with combustion gases to form acids. These acids eat—yes, eat—into the metal surfaces when the engine is running cold on short journeys, when your car is at rest between runs, or overnight in your garage. As an engine cools, ordinary oils

'drain off' leaving surfaces exposed to this biting acid action.

A remarkable new oil
Shell X-100 Motor Oil, produced as the result of this intensive research into the causes of engine wear, does three things. (1) It combats acid action—or corrosive wear—by providing a constant protective film for all parts of your engine which does not 'drain off' like ordinary oils. (2) It reduces oxidation and lacquer formation—thus minimising ring-sticking, loss of power and oil consumption. (3) It has a cleansing effect on your engine—and keeps it clean. (It keeps combustion soot in suspension to be drained away with each oil change.)

Ease of mind—for you
Never before have you been able to give your engine such complete protection. Take this precaution now—change to Shell X-100 Motor Oil—it is more than an oil—it is an insurance against engine wear and the premature ageing of your car.



Shell X-100 reduces oxidation, discourages the formation of dangerous deposits and combats CORROSIVE ACID WEAR.



Shell research technicians worked for years to produce Shell X-100 Motor Oil.

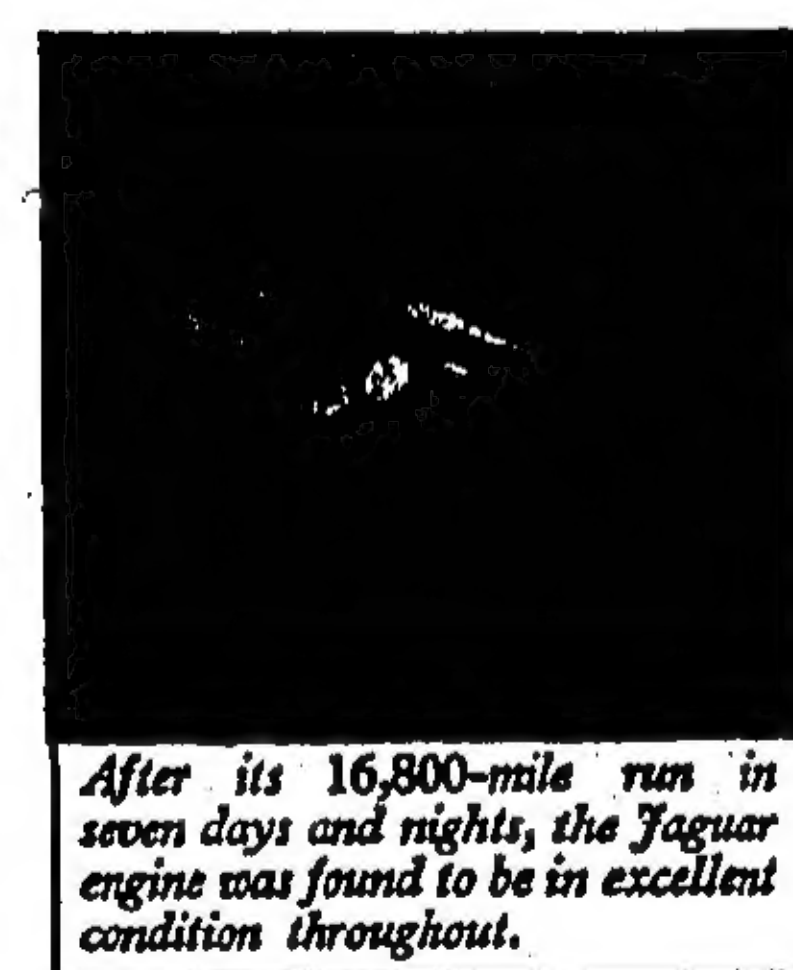
What would you do in a case like this?

Suppose you were a car manufacturer. Suppose you made the Humber or the Hillman. You know you have a fine car. You want to prove it to the world. You send it on a gruelling trip, across continents, mountains, ice, snow, deserts. You must put up a sensational performance. You must not fail. Which oil would you choose for your car?

They Chose Shell X-100

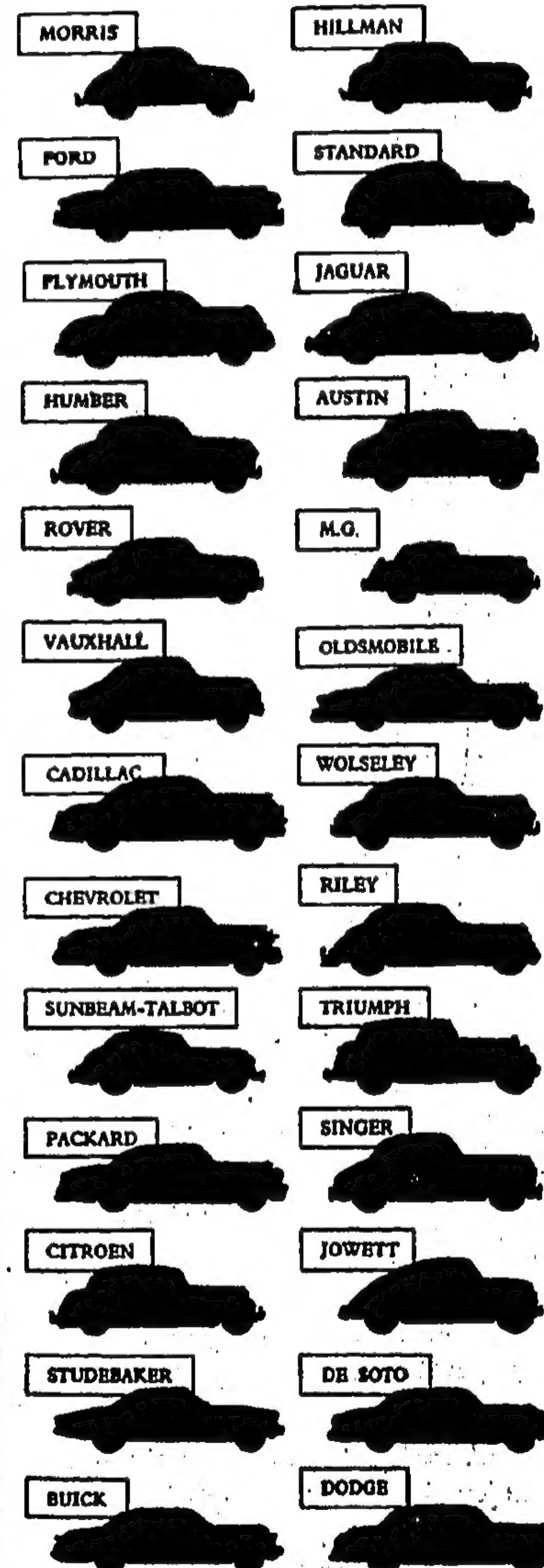
If your judgment were as sound as Humber, Jaguar, Austin, Hillman,

and Ford, you would choose Shell X-100—as they did when they wanted to prove the endurance and efficiency of their cars. And remember—most important—these cars were not 'specials'—they were ordinary production cars. The kind you can buy—the kind you may be driving now. Whether it was to race through 15 countries in 90 hours; hurdle round a race track for seven days and nights at over 100 m.p.h.; to win the Monte Carlo Rally or to speed to the Cape—they relied upon Shell X-100 Motor Oil.



After its 16,800-mile run in seven days and nights, the Jaguar engine was found to be in excellent condition throughout.

The same oil that you can buy at your garage today. These are facts—undeniable facts. No wonder every car manufacturer in Britain endorses Shell X-100 Motor Oil. If you value the life of your car, you too should be running on Shell X-100 Motor Oil.



There are, of course, many other excellent cars on the road today, but space prevents us from including them all

IMPORTANT

There are five grades of Shell X-100 Motor Oil and it is important (particularly in the case of worn engines) to get the correct grade for your car. Your garage will tell you which grade your car should have.

Here are the five grades
SHELL X-100 GRADE 15W / SHELL X-100 GRADE 20
SHELL X-100 GRADE 25 / SHELL X-100 GRADE 30
SHELL X-100 GRADE 35

FACTS prove



fights corrosive acid wear

Robert Ottaway Reveals The Truth Behind The Bergman Mystery



THE STAR THEY TORTURED

DISGRACE, and the heels of American boxers, disrupted the life and career of Ingrid Bergman four years ago. From being Hollywood's favourite actress, she became the whipping girl for any Senator who thought of time to show he was ethical at heart.

They jumped up and called her "degenerate," hissed at her "vagrant immorality," and generally behaved as if Miss Bergman carried her own private Babylon around with her.

That was five years ago. Now memories have softened and judgments acquired the mellowness of history.

But the star who inherited a scrap of Garbo's mantle, who made £50,000 a picture and kept an unsporting simplicity rare on Beverly Hills, is allowed to shine no more in the English-speaking world. Her fan-mail has dwindled to a flimsy trickle. Gossip and

NERVOUS

And she was nervous. She proved it by either talking too much or too little.

But it wasn't the timidity of someone with something to hide. Ingrid Bergman is frank about her actions, and straight forward in her opinions. It's just that she keeps the slightly gauche uneasiness of the girl who left Sweden for Hollywood in the thirties.

"Then," she says, "I was such a mouse that I went into a room without being noticed by any-

body. When people began to recognise me I did not know what to do with my hands."

She twisted them now, flicked her "Joan of Arc" hair-out, lit a cigarette. "They wonder why I am content to stay here making pictures with my husband. I do it because I believe him, in his talent and in his purposes."

"Also, no one else has asked me to make pictures. Of course, if someone like David Lean had a script and wanted me for it, I would go."

Then she bridled, defensively. "What is so peculiar about a wife wanting to work with her husband? We understand each other."

I reminded her that when David Lean directed his wife, Ann Todd, in two films, "Madeleine" and "The Passionate Friends," they were not successful. It is difficult to read one's wife's face on the cutting-room floor.

I thought to myself that Bergman has never repeated the triumphs of his post-war films, "Open City," "Paisa," and "The Miracle."

And that is the talk in Rome. They say that Ingrid Bergman

is wasting her talent by subduing herself to Rossellini.

They point to the fact that since the notorious "Stromboli," Rossellini has not let any puppet either commercial or artistic.

Professionally speaking, they are right. Roberto Rossellini is an eight-foot, over-venturing, self in himself, an obscure perfectionist in his film-making.

When a "Stromboli" scene required Bergman to climb a volcano he said, her report is exact. Thus, until he was satisfied with the result. That was three months before their son, Roberto, was born.

This was not callousness. When the shot was complete, Rossellini rushed up to her and held her sedulously to a chair.

But, while he is working, he drives himself ruthlessly—and drives his cast and technicians at his own speed, disregarding the limits of their stamina.

It is this integrity that first brought the star and the filmmaker together.

Ingrid Bergman recalls how the first letter she wrote to him. She had been to see "Open City" in New York, and she had never been so impressed and moved by a film before.

"Nothing could stand in my way if a man of your gifts would make a film with me," she wrote in that first letter, and that was the tentative, not-

so-volcanic start of the "Stromboli" project.

Rossellini went to Hollywood and, in eager, chaotic English, explained the story to her. She asked for a script. "I do not begin with a script," said the genius.

Certainly, Rossellini was flattered that a great American star would leave Hollywood for him. Certainly, Bergman was overwhelmed by his integrity and enthusiasm, having been ten years in a place ruled by the cash register rather than art.

Thus the affair began in a flash of sympathy, with romance lurking in the shadows.

RUMOURS

Everyone knows what happened. The initial noisy rumours, the birth of Roberto, the wrangles with first husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom. It was a garish story, moral for the emotionally starved.

It split anguish for Ingrid Bergman. For Rossellini, she gave up Hollywood, her daughter Pia, and the security of a salubrious reputation.

There was something super-ventive about the attacks on Bergman. I believe the reason was that, in the public eye, she was identified too closely with Joan of Arc, the character that still haunts her imagination, the person she had recreated on stage and screen.

It is comparatively simple for the lapses of some other stars to be forgiven; the one expects them to sport a halo in private.

But with Ingrid Bergman forgiveness was not so easy. She had led a blameless life, and had played the most perfect, heroines of irreproachable whiteness.

OBLOQUY

She was flailed with obloquy. She cringes at the memory of it now. She remembers a visit from a Hollywood tycoon when the affair was at its height.

"I was still in the nursing home, and this man said my only chance of returning to America was if I announced on the American radio that I would not see Rossellini again. He said I must admit that I was the victim of a brief infatuation, and then my sins would be forgiven."

"On those conditions, if I confessed penitence in public, I could go back to Hollywood."

I got more and more angry as he spoke to me. I don't think of myself as a wicked sinner. I still don't. I would never admit it.

"Only one thing makes me want to go back to America," she told me. "I long to see my daughter. She is fourteen now and I haven't seen her for two years. It is very hard."

That is Ingrid Bergman's only important regret—to be cut off from Pia, whose name has now been changed to "Jenny Ann." Because "Pia" stands for "Peter Ingrid Always."

And that was the only discernible shadow in the present-day domestic life of this Swedish girl who once played with Gregory Peck, Gar, Cooper, and Leslie Howard.

IRONICAL

It is easy for prudes to shake their heads in happy horror. But Bergman is not the kind of woman who would lightly break any sort of code.

Part of her distress four years ago was due to the fact that many people thought that her love was a cooked-up fabrication to glean some shoddy publicity.

Seeing her defer gently to her husband, the name "Roberto" larded her conversation—watching her inquire solicitously about her twins, Isabella and Ingrid, observing her stroke an erring cushion into place, I was convinced that of the three stars I met in Rome, here was the one who had found the truest, most deeply-based satisfaction from her life.

It seemed ironical that the film which first brought her fame was called "Escape to Happiness." Ingrid Bergman had to wait ten years for the title to come true.

The Fight that Finished the Champion

Wilde: He didn't know HOW to lie down

by George Whiting

JIMMY WILDE often sits next to me at the fights these days, and it is not always easy to recall that the tubby, rosy little Welshman by my side was once known as the Ghost with a Hammer in His Hand.

Then I remind myself, and him, that I once paid two guineas to see him fight Pete Herman, and had my ear clipped by a steward for trying to take a more expensive seat.

Jimmy got his own ear clipped that night, and that wasn't all that happened to him. Not by a long chalk.

The date was January 13, 1921. The place was the Royal Albert Hall. The circumstances will take rather longer to set down.

850 fights

Wilde was four months short of his 29th birthday, five years past his winning of the fly-weight championship of the world from the Zulu Kid, and nine years beyond his introduction to the Blackfriars line where the management had been scared stiff of exposing so frail a youth to the rigidity of the crowd and the punches of one Young Nipper—whom he proceeded to knock out in 45 seconds.

Of his 850 battles—400 of them in the booth—Wilde had lost but two when they paid him £2,250 to fight Herman. The Mighty Atom, they called him. The Tylorstown Terror, The Indian Famine, The Furious Freak and other endearments—all descriptive of a pale, skinny, pipe-stem little ex-pit-boy from the Rhondda Valley, with a punch like the kick of an exasperated mule. An Oliver Twist who dished out plenty.

Wilde, who never weighed much more than 7st., had licked the lot—flyweights, bantams and featherweights. In the booth he topped men twice his own weight, and once performed the astonishing feat of knocking over 23 opponents inside four hours. All this from the frame of a gnat.

I am frequently being asked how big, or how small, Wilde really was in his prime, and the following details may interest these seekers after truth: Height

5ft. 1½ inches; reach 66 inches; chest 31½ inches; waist 25½ inches; biceps 11½ inches; forearm 8½ inches; wrist 7¼ inches; thigh 21 inches; weight 6st. 10lb.

The late C. B. Cochran was the first to moot a Wilde-Herman fight for the latter's world bantamweight championship, but Herman, an Italian American from New Orleans, ducked the contract. Instead Wilde took himself off to the U.S.A., cleaned up, and decided to retire to the new house he had built near Cardiff.

He called it "Lonsdale," after the donor of the flyweight belt Jimmy had won outright.

Then came another offer to fight Herman from Rube Welch, an American actor with whom Wilde had sparred in a music-hall act. Welch had been in the earlier bidding, but this time he and a partner called Pollock had the business all nicely buttoned up.

Teddy Lewis, Wilde's manager, agreed—after considerable haggling to a 20-round fight at 8st. 6lb., weigh-in at ringside. Wilde's purse money was £2,000 plus £250 expenses, all deposited in a British bank. Referee Jack Smith got £50—£1 in notes. Herman got a cheque.

Three weeks before the fight a piece of not unfamiliar monkey business crept into the New York end of the set-up. Herman, with no more intention of risking his world title against Wilde than he had of presenting it to the British Museum, lost it the night before he sailed for London to a fellow-American, Joe Lynch, whom Wilde had already beaten twice.

Levinsky out

That little manoeuvre took care of Jimmy's bantamweight aspirations. Six months later, Herman won the world championship back from Lynch, the latter having prudently refrained to figure in anything more lethal than non-title contests during his caretaker period.

So Herman arrived here strictly without titles, and the unhappy promoters, committed to Wilde's £2,000, were stuck with him. But the fun and games had hardly started.

Baiting Levinsky, scheduled to show us the form of an ex-

world cruiserweight champion in a supporting bout with Bombarider Wells, pulled out with a dislocated shoulder. The ring lights were fixed so that many of us in the two guinea seats could see nothing. The MC, Ronald Adair, threatened to go home. Then, as a climax to everybody's troubles, Herman refused to weigh-in at the ringside. Quite a night.

No budging

It appeared that Lewis, for Wilde, and manager Sam Goldmann, for Herman, had signed different contracts, and both parties made it quite clear that never the twain should meet.

Wilde's contract called upon him to weigh not more than 8st. 6lb. at ringside. Herman, piece of paper required that he meet the same stipulation at 2 p.m., an arrangement that left him free to regain lost strength in the afternoon and come in at what weight he pleased at night.

How on earth such cock-eyed anomalies came to be permitted has never, so far as I know, been satisfactorily solved. No promoter would get away with such a stroke these days.

Actually Herman fought at least 8st. 8lb. Wilde weighed 7st. 11lb. Herman stuck to his contract. Wilde refused to budge from his dressing-room, where promoters, managers, stewards, and what-have-you were driving him half crazy with advice, arguments and solicitations.

Prince arrives

A fine prelude to a fight! Why those wrangles could not have been settled outside the dressing-room is yet another curious highlight on boxing promotion in those allegedly good old days.

In the hall a riot seemed imminent, for I remember that we, customers, hearing a whispering of the backstage drama, were giving free and noisy expression to our opinions.

Suddenly a red-faced messenger appeared in Wilde's dressing-room. The Prince of Wales (now Duke of Windsor), had arrived at the Albert Hall and his companion, Lord Lonsdale, was on his way to talk to Jimmy.

That settled it. Wilde, fretful, badgered and harassed, jumped off his chair and cried: "I don't care what Herman weighs and I'm tired of all these arguments. I'm not going to let the Prince down. I'm going to fight."

Five minutes later, the Prince of Wales was mounting the ring platform, thanked Wilde for his gesture and asked: "Do you think you can beat Herman?" Wilde shook his head and replied: "I don't think much of my chances after all this bother, sir, but he'll have to knock me senseless to beat me."

Propheetic words. The pattern of the fight was revealed in the first two minutes. A younger Wilde had achieved no small proportion of his power from the fact that many of his opponents had "stewed" themselves into semi-impotence to make weight. No such nonsense handicapped Herman.

Wilde was there in gallantry and spirit but not much else. He looked sickly, moved slowly, lacked zip.

We who had paid to watch him slaughter this American sat silent as Herman shuffled forward, took precise and careful measurement with his left arm, and shot an unimpeded right at Wilde's jaw. Nobody had ever treated Jimmy quite like that, and got away with it.

Wilde stalls

On actual points Wilde's still accurate left hand probably won that first round. But further shocks awaited us in the second. A left hook from Herman inside Wilde's lead was followed by a wicked right-hander, fair and square on the chin.

By rights, Wilde should have been pole-axed by that punch. As it was, he was compelled to stall.

This early effort having only partially succeeded, Herman settled down to a policy of attrition, allowing Wilde to wear himself down as he flung his attacks at a man some 20lb. heavier. Herman could afford to wait.

By the ninth round the sting had gone from Wilde's left hand; by the 12th, he was drawing on slender reserves; by the 15th, Herman was in hot pursuit of a game but weary little man.

The end came in round 17, and with it the punch that nearly put Wilde out of all commission, and certainly was greatly responsible for his losing of the world fly-weight championship to Pancho Villa two years later.

Herman, scornful at this stage to explore with his left, shot a straight right at Wilde's undefended chin, and over went Jimmy for a count of seven—half-way of the ring.

He rose again

Climbing up, Wilde stumbled straight into another terrific right-hander. He hurtled through the ropes and hit his head on the edge of the ring with a thud I can hear to this day.

That punch ended the legend of Jimmy Wilde in a burning spasm of concession—but not immediately. Up at "nine," he offered pathetic resistance to the on-coming Herman, took another count of five, and, incredibly, rose again.

But no knock-out was to be Herman's that night. Referee Smith saw to that. With one swift movement he waved the wily, pain-rattled, but protesting Wilde into his arms.

Carrying the battered little body to his corner, Smith remarked: "I'm sorry, Jimmy, but I have to pick you up because you don't know how to lie down."

That is as good a curtain as any. Except to mention that Herman, some years later, went blind.

WORLD CORRESPONDENT RESERVES

NEXT SATURDAY:
The championship "faké" that nobody would believe

ROUNABOUT BULGARIA

with RITCHIE McEWEN

BULGARIA is rapidly becoming a model People's Democracy. The 15 official Communist Party organisations now have a combined membership of nearly 21 millions. This means that with a total population of just over seven millions, the average Bulgarian belongs to three Communist mass organisations!

At the tender age of 5, Bulgarian children are now made to join the "Pioneers" and subscribe to a Party newspaper. At 18, young Bulgars are expected to take out membership of State sports, cultural and trade union organisations. In addition, he or she must belong to the appropriate Party "political" organisation and be a member of either the "Defence of Freedom" or "Volunteers in the Cause of Freedom"—both mammoth civil defence organisations with a strong Kremlin flavour.

As every Bulgar also subscribes to at least three Party newspapers and periodicals, he spends 18 percent of his weekly wage packet on Party dues and subscriptions. Nine out of ten films shown in Bulgaria are made in Russia, so he goes an average of eight or nine Soviet propaganda films a year.

Practically every adult Bulgar belongs to the Bulgarian Soviet Society, and attends "voluntary" Russian lessons at one of the Society's schools. The application of the "great benefit" conferred on them by Mother Russia, the Bulgarian electorate have just voted three Russians into the newly-elected Bulgarian Parliament.

They are: Lt.-General Grevkov, Lt.-General Zachariev and Comrade Balgaranov—all three Red Army officers.

In spite of all this show of "loyalty" to Mother Russia, however, there are still a few blinks to the general effect of this model People's Democracy.

The Communists bewail the undeniable fact that the youth of the country still prefer boogie-woogie to Russian folk songs and "American type" ties to the pale blue scarves of the "Peace Movement."

Russian investigators have, in fact, been deeply shocked to learn that the Russian-language libraries and "political" lecture rooms (both part of the standard educational equipment) are generally non-existent. In the State "Tolbuckh" combine, for instance, they

found the "beautifully bound" volumes of Joe Stalin's works still lying in their packing-cases—and rotting in a corner of the yard, while the "library" was being used as a store for the workers' canteen supplies.

Worse still, when the Russian investigators inspected the sanitary arrangements, they were horrified to find that "valuable" Russian technical literature was in great demand—as a toilet requisite. So transit glottis!

The Russians, however, do not shower all these cultural gifts on their Bulgarian subjects for nothing. In return, Bulgaria is expected (as part of the "eternal tie of friendship") to export about 60 percent of her yearly fruit crop, which is usually abundant. Last year, the "yield" was suspiciously small, so this autumn a small army of Soviet "experts" will tour the fruit area co-operatives to make sure that no "imperialist agents" keep back apples for their own use.

The Russian envoy will also lecture the fruit farmers on "brotherly love" and explain that by sending nearly all their fruit to the USSR they will help to "deepen the friendship between Bulgaria, Russia and the other People's Democracies."

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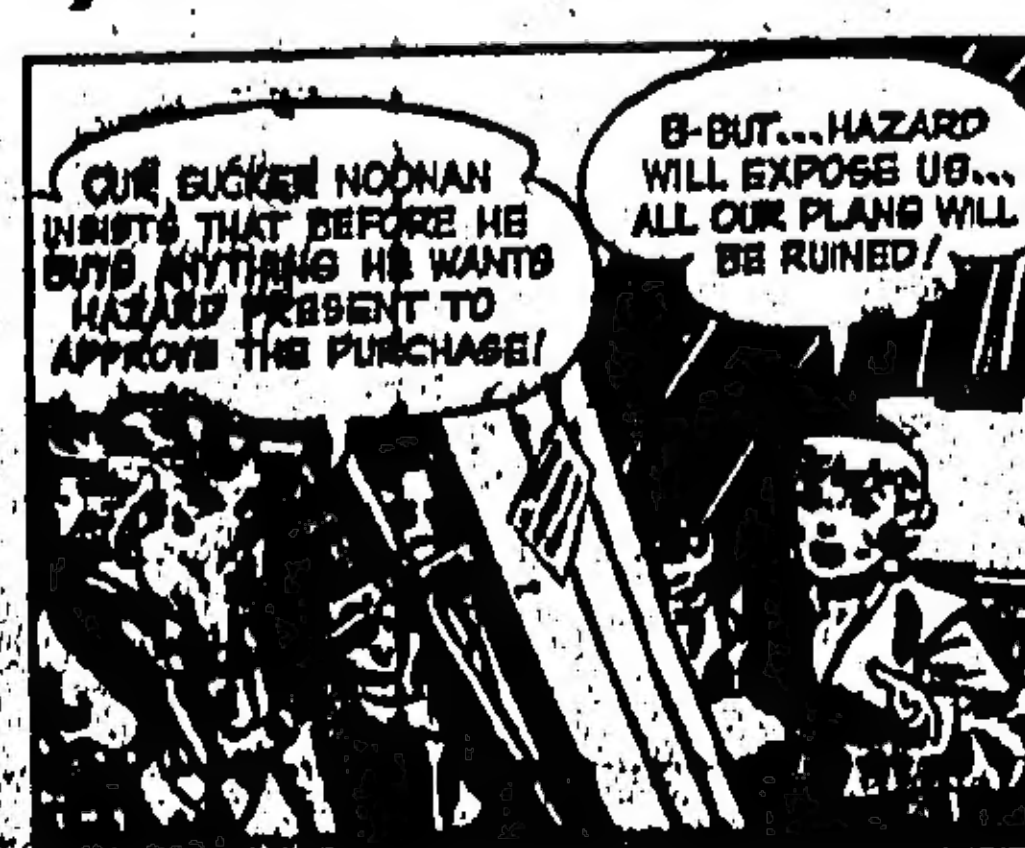
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PUPILS of the Patricia Denholm School of Ballet in one of the numbers forming the programme presented at the Lee Theatre last Sunday in aid of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association. (Staff Photographer)



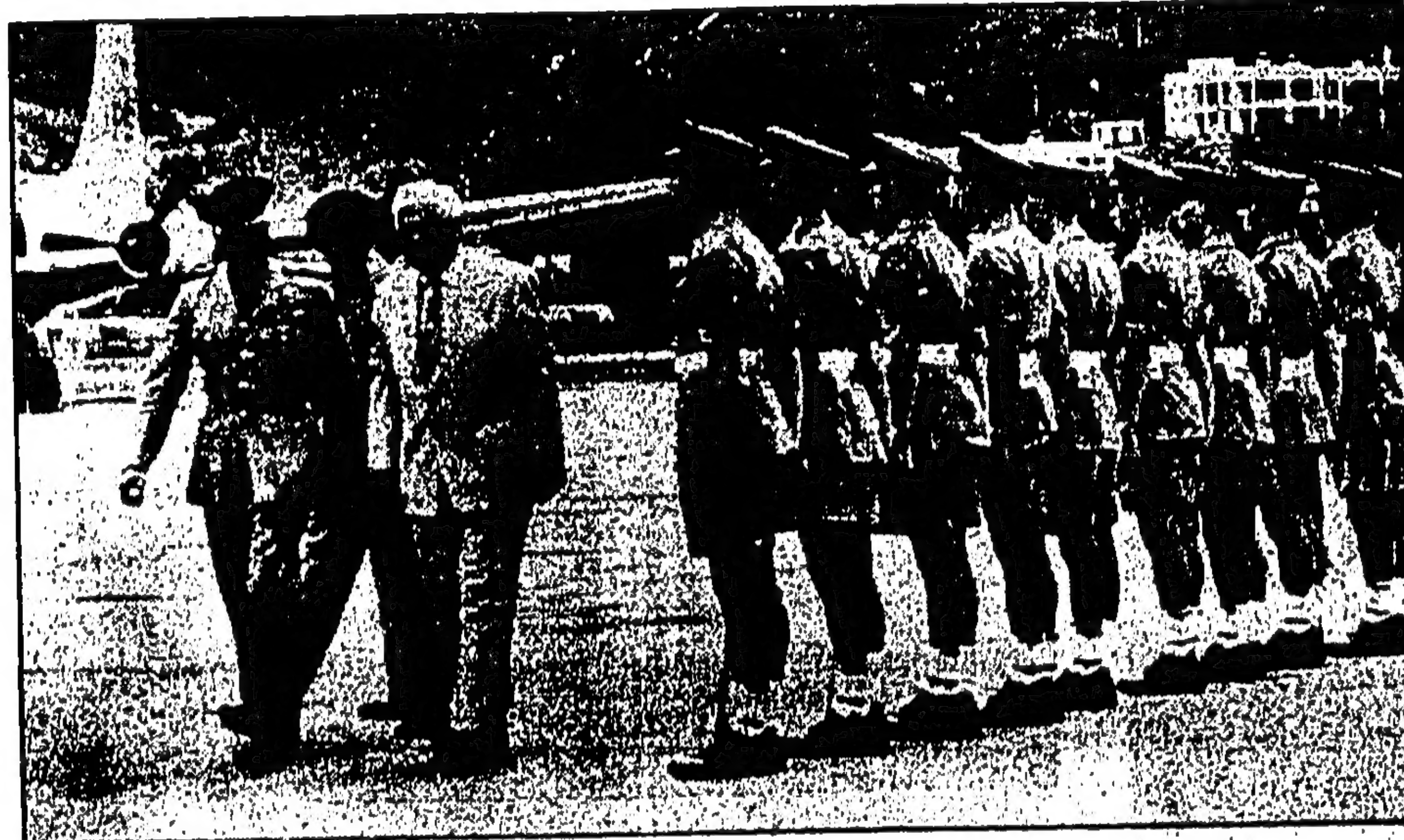
MR Peter Thomas Moor and Miss June Barbara Lawrence, who were married at St John's Cathedral last Saturday, photographed with friends after the wedding ceremony. (Staff Photographer)



LT-GEN. Sir Terence Alroy (right), who is leaving Hongkong today after completing his tour as Commander, British Forces, paid farewell visits to units under his command during the week. Here he is seen chatting with Lt-Col J. H. Carver, CO of 50 Field Engineer Regiment. (Army PRO)



PICTURE taken at the Registry after the wedding of Mr Eugene Cheong and Miss Norma Grundy. (Staff Photographer)



INSPECTING the RAF guard of honour on his arrival here last Saturday is the United States Secretary of Defence, Mr Charles E. Wilson. He came to Hongkong for a short visit in the course of a tour of American military establishments in the Pacific area. (Staff Photographer)

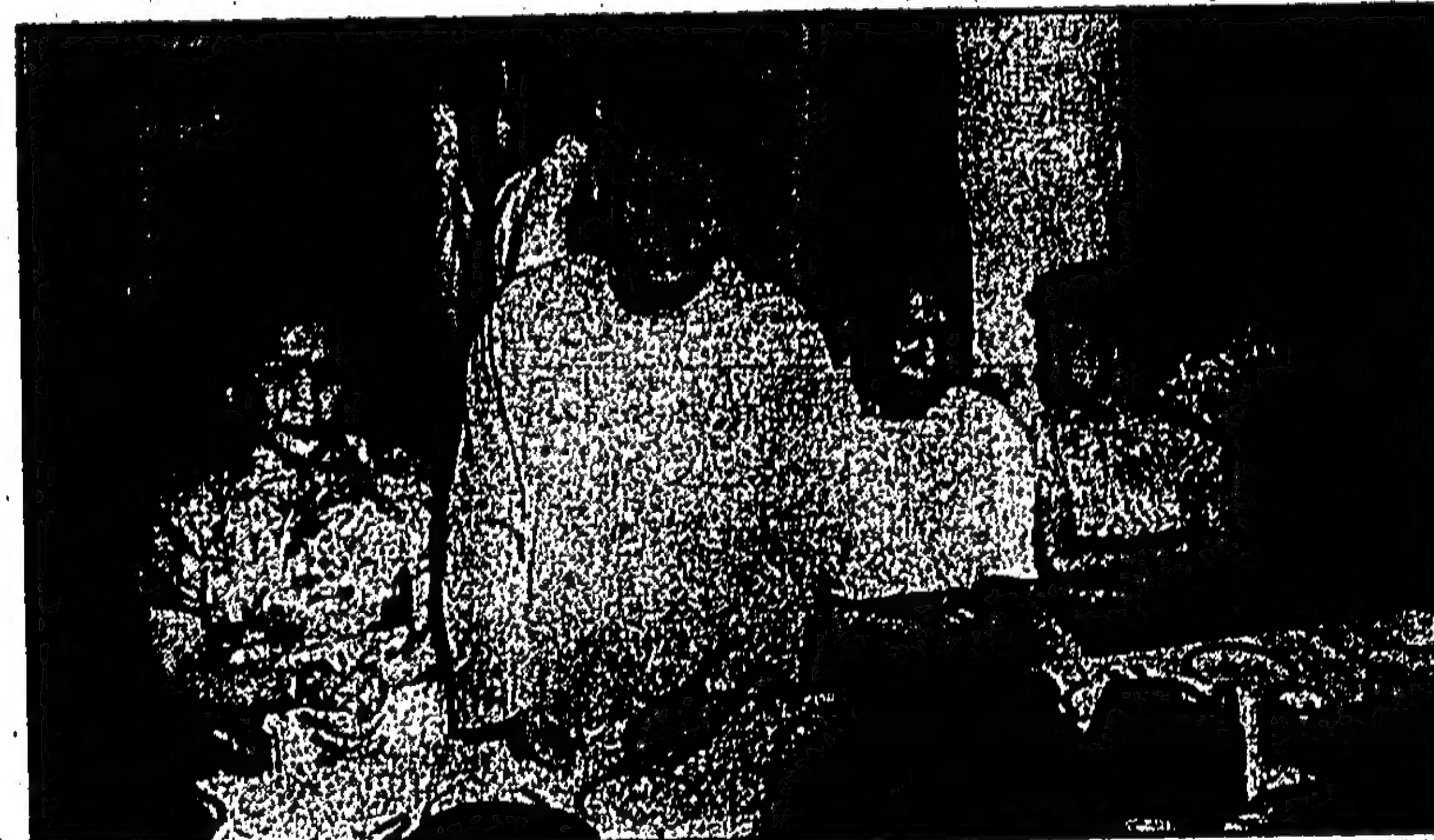


A cookery class at the Ho Tung Technical School for Girls, which held its "Dinner Day" last week when the activities of the School were well demonstrated to visitors. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mrs Mathilde Ng, Chairman of the Hongkong Council of Women, addressing members gathered at the YWCA on Monday to bid her good wishes on the eve of her departure for Helsinki to attend a conference of the International Council of Women. Miss I. Wallace-Turner, Vice-Chairman, is on the left, and Mrs R. T. Eng, Hon. Secretary, on the right. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Baby Elizabeth Jane, daughter of Dr and Mrs G. S. Watson, is photographed with her parents, brother and sister after her christening last Sunday at St John's Cathedral. (C. K. Pang)



MR Young Wing-hong, President of the Queen's College Old Boys' Association, speaking at the party held at the Association's bathing pavilion at Stanley Beach last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



THE new Peniel Church in Portland Street, Kowloon, was dedicated for worship last Sunday. Picture was taken during the service. (Staff Photographer)

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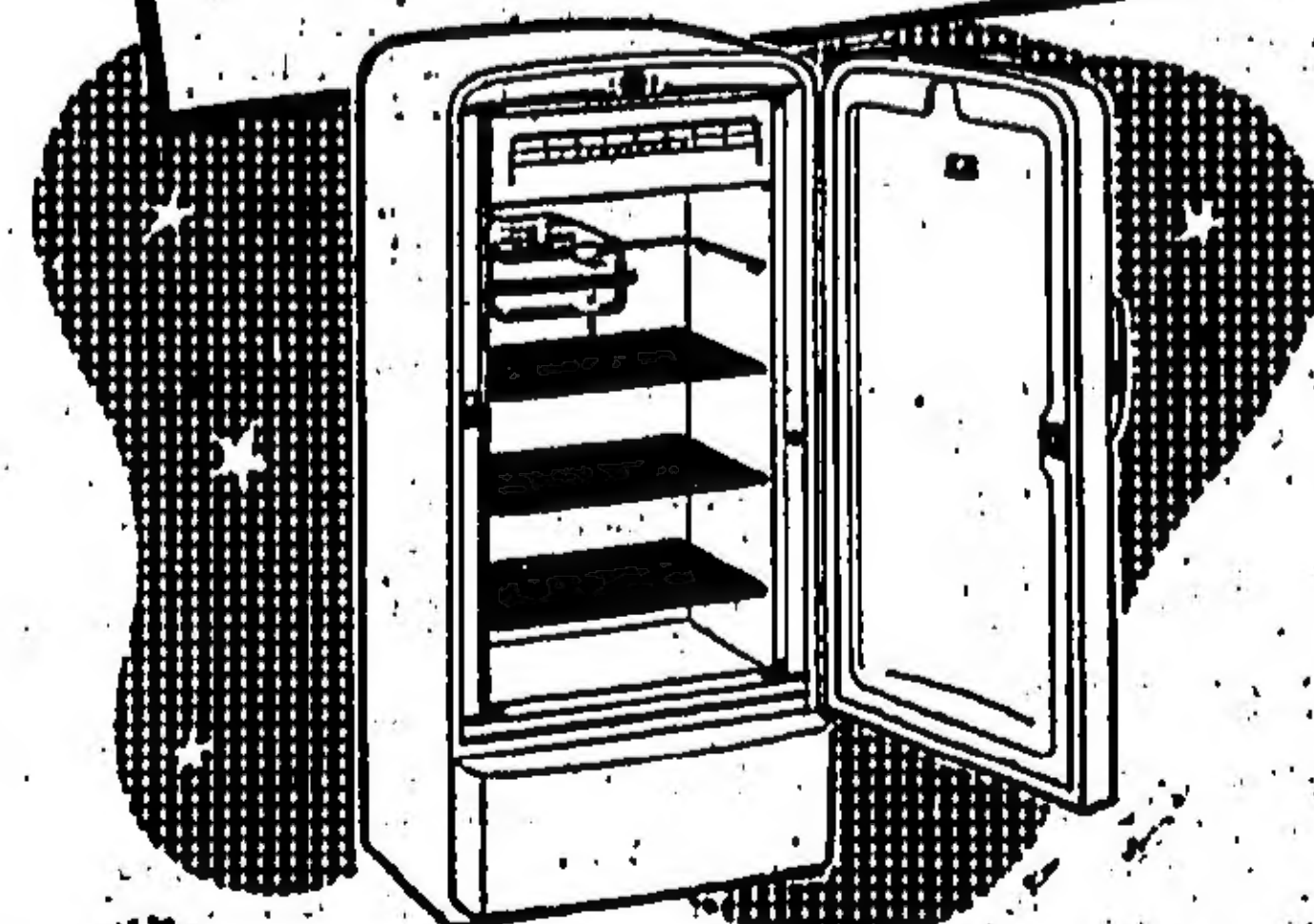
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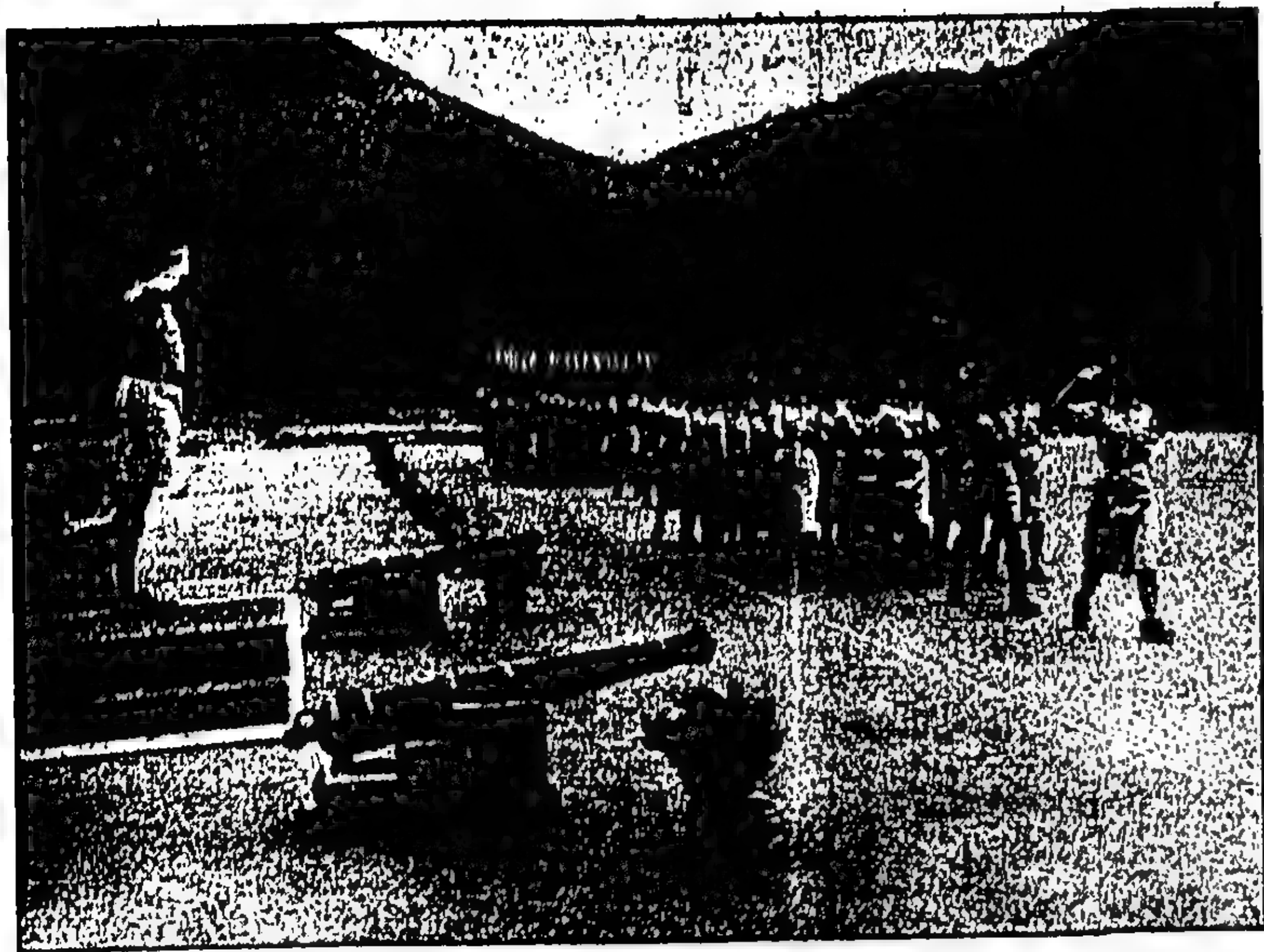
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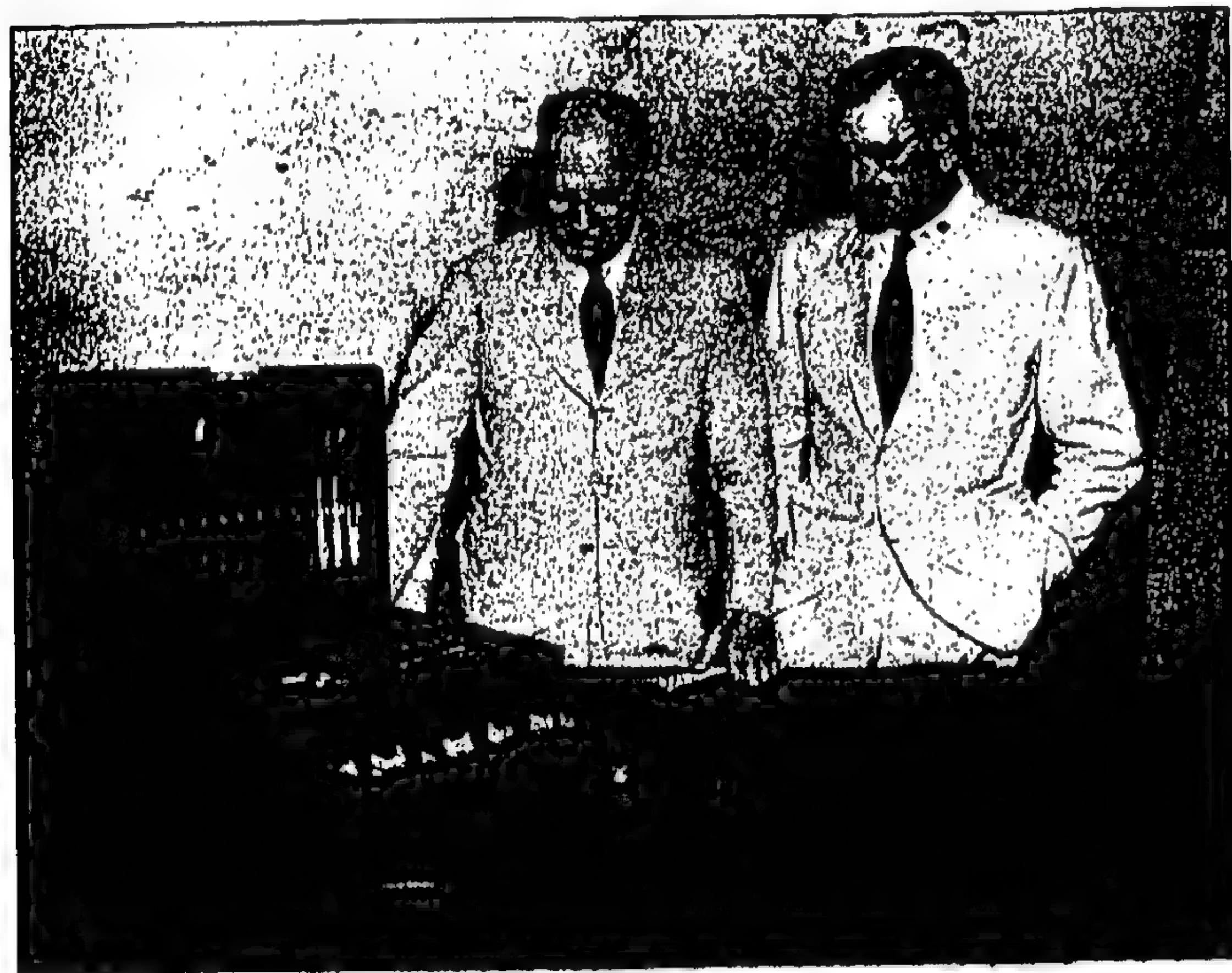
MR H. W. E. Heath, Acting Deputy Commissioner of Police, taking the salute at the passing-out of the new class of Policewomen at the Police Training School last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



GENERAL James A. Van Fleet (left), President Eisenhower's special representative, seen on arrival at Kai Tak last Monday with Mr Julian Harrington, U.S. Consul-General (centre), and Mr Karl L. Rankin, U.S. Ambassador to Taiwan. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken at the christening of Martin McLean, son of Mr and Mrs E. S. Brooks, which took place at the Union Church, Kennedy Road, last Sunday. (Ming Yuen)



MR A. I. Cash (right), of the Waterworks Office, who is leaving Hongkong on retirement, and the Director of Public Works, the Hon. Theodore L. Bowring, view the canteen of cutlery which Mr Cash's colleagues presented to him this week as a farewell present. (Staff Photographer)



CHRISTENING at the Kowloon Union Church of Paul Maurice Saunders, son of Mr and Mrs J. M. Saunders.



MR T. Dyer, of the Hong-Kong Electric Co., Ltd., and Mrs Dyer celebrated their silver wedding last Tuesday, and here they are seen being toasted by their friends. (Ming Yuen)

RIGHT: Friends of Lieutenant and Mrs A. R. Hall at the christening of their baby son, Stephen Rupert, which took place at St John's Cathedral last Sunday. (Willie's)



BELOW: Students, former students and staff of the Technical College feted the College's Principal, Mr S. J. G. Burt, at dinner at the Tai Tung Restaurant. Mr Burt, who is going on home leave, is seated in the centre of the second row. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: The Chinese-American artist, Mr Dong Kingman (third from left), was guest of honour at the monthly dinner meeting of the American University Club of Hongkong at the Peninsula Hotel on Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)

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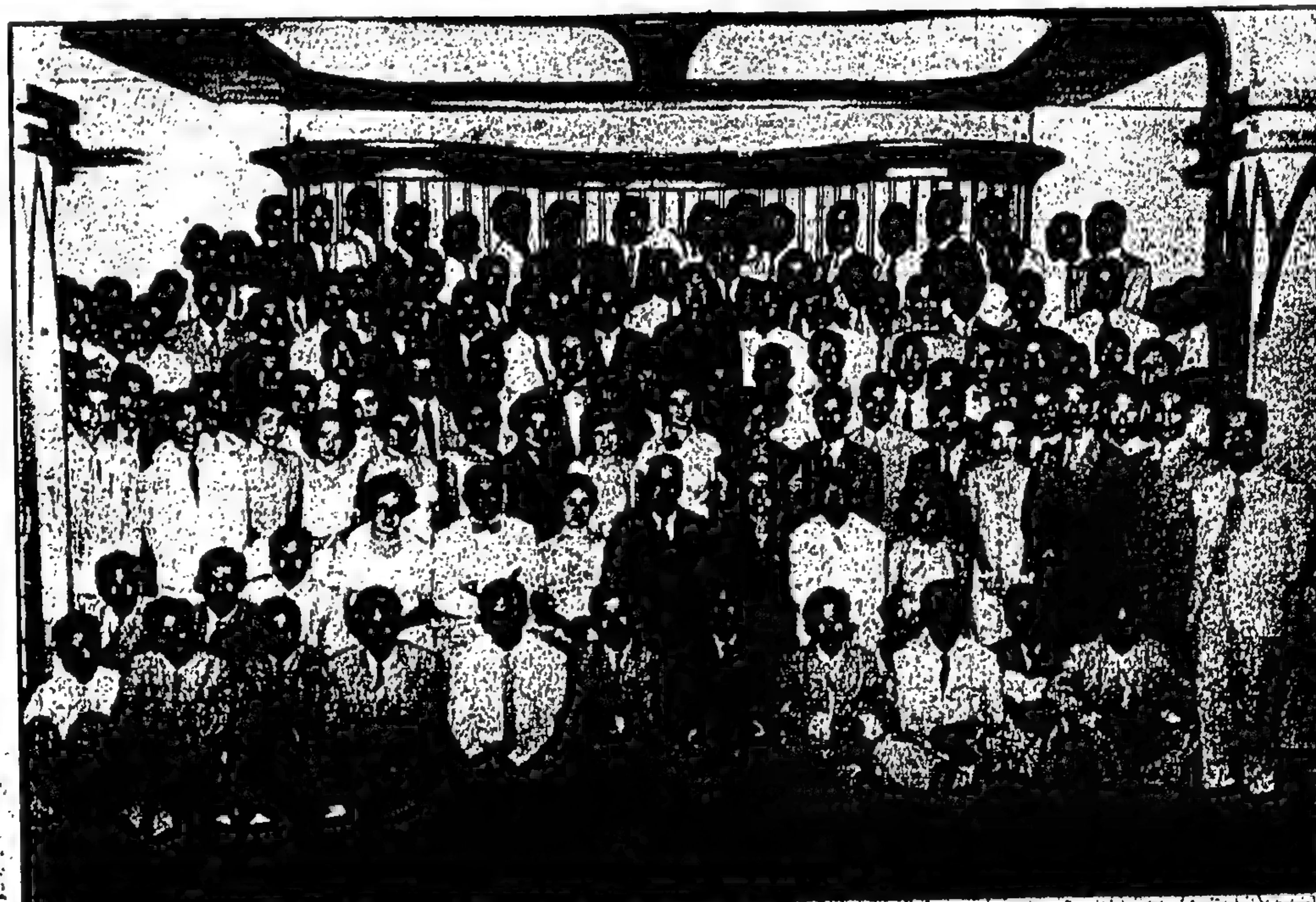


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IMMUNISATION AGAINST POLIO

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

INTEREST is strong in the possibility that there may soon be a vaccine for infantile paralysis ("polio"). This communicable disease, which affects adults as well as children, is among the most feared of all diseases, although paralytic cases do not begin to compare in frequency with the complication of other communicable diseases.

Infantile paralysis is a disease of the nervous system. The disease itself is almost as prevalent as measles and other communicable diseases which are very common, but a great many polio cases go unrecognized because they are so mild and because they are not paralytic. It is only when the virus affects the nerve cells in the brain or the spinal cord that paralysis occurs. Many adults who have had it and never known it are immune. So are some children. The same reason. Some advantage has been taken of this immunity by the use of whole blood from adults to protect children. This effectiveness of gamma globulin, the blood protein that carries the immunity, is due also to the presence of immunity in the blood of individuals who have had the mild form of the disease.

Protective Action

The administration of gamma globulin to 55,000 children in the United States in 1952 was intended to prove that gamma globulin has a protective action which lasts for about five to six weeks. The test was carefully planned to provide a comparison of a group of one-year-olds who had gamma globulin and the other half got a solution which resembled gamma globulin, but had no immunizing power. The material used in the field was carefully only by number so that even the administering doctors had no knowledge of whether they were giving gamma globulin or gelatin. This test has been challenged as neither proving nor disproving the value of gamma globulin.

Of course, gamma globulin is a vaccine, and it is not the ultimate answer to the polio problem. The immunity that it gives may be very useful in an epidemic situation but no security for the future, since gamma globulin comes

from human blood, the supply will always be limited. It is expensive and impractical to inject millions of children every year even if there were enough gamma globulin for the purpose. Therefore, the search for a vaccine continues.

There are three known types of virus infection which cause polio. A successful vaccine must therefore be effective against all three. It is to be noted in anticipation of possible evidence that it is very difficult to produce a vaccine which will produce the next epidemic of polio where such an outbreak is expected.

Two Immunity Types

Another reason why there must be a vaccine if polio is to be controlled arises from the existence of two kinds of immunity: passive and active. This is more than a laboratory technicality. Passive immunity is that in which the body takes no active part but which is received by the injection of an immunizing substance such as gamma globulin. Passive immunity is always temporary. Active immunity, as its name indicates, is produced by the body itself in response to a stimulus, such as a vaccine. When the body gets started producing immunity it keeps on doing so for an extended period of time. Smallpox vaccination is effective from five years up to 50 years in some instances. Diphtheria immunization persists for at least 10 years. In the case of gamma globulin, the immunity is passed. When a vaccine is used, and other active immunizing agents, have varying periods of immunity. A polio vaccine, when successfully

Aid For House Cleaning

New York.

Use a basket to carry bottled cleaning materials, cloths, brushes and other small aids for house cleaning chores. Keeping your cleaning needs together can cut the extra trips for supplies. A check of the basket detergent, window cleaner with spray applicator, oven cleaner, furniture polish, bottled bleach for cleaning tile and other hard surfaces, ammonia for greasy stained areas, turpentine to paint spots, non-flammable cleaning fluid for gummy mudges on floors and woodwork, and insecticides for protection against moths and other pests. United Press.

A Good Painter Takes Proper Care Of His Brushes

By ELEANOR ROSS

WATCH a really good workman and you'll find that he takes excellent care of his working equipment, almost to the point of coddling it, whether it be heavy machinery or a paint brush.

To freshen up the house with bright new paint, we must have our brushes in fine condition.

First of all, we would advise a beginner-painter to select paint brushes with care, getting all the help

possible from the store where he deals.

The salesman is not urging the purchase of good brushes just to increase the sales check. He knows that it will mean a better paint job. A flat brush for flat surfaces, a narrow brush for small surfaces and those hard-to-reach spots, and a round or oval brush for round surfaces will be recommended.

He will advise his customers to do a good job of breaking in the brushes before they are put to work. To shed the loose bristles that are present in every new brush, regardless of its quality, first swirl the handle rapidly between the hands.

Next, give the brush a good oil bath. Get a piece of wrapping paper some five times the width of the brush and twice the bristle length plus the ferrule. Fold the paper around the width of the brush, then fold the paper from the edge of the bristle back to the top of the ferrule, but take care not to bend the bristles. Cellulose tape will hold the edges of the paper together.

Hang the wrapped brush in a container of raw linseed oil, supporting the handle to keep the brush upright. The oil should be deep enough to cover the wrapper and flow into it, so that the full length of the bristle gets an even, steady soaking. The brush should be left in the oil for at least 24 hours.

When you get at the brush again, it is ready for a nice rub-down. Stretch a wire across the top of the tin and draw the flat side of the bristles against it to remove the oil. Or hold the brush on a clean flat surface and carefully squeeze out the oil with a round stick. Now hold the brush in a clean empty tin and give it a spin between the hands to get rid of any remaining oil. Then dip the brush several times in turpentine. Twist it well to remove the turpentine. Allow the bristles to dry thoroughly, and then work them into their original shape with a steel comb or an old table fork.

Last step in the operation is to try it out, giving a dozen or so good strokes on a rough surface. This will get rid of any loose hairs.

Made with Remnants

Place mats are also on the easy-to-do list. You can cut the cost of material for them by buying remnants. For a fancy finish, sew on trimming such as ball, tassels, boucle or knotted fringes.

Draperies aren't too difficult to tackle either. You can even whip up fancy models with pinch pleats merely by sewing a special tape with woven-in pockets to the drapery heading. That's the first step. Then insert special hooks to make evenly-spaced graceful pinch pleats.

To dress up new drapes, or old ones, edge the cornice with knotted fringe. Also add a double row of the fringe to the drapery bottoms. It's a nice finishing touch.

The same fringe, pasted to a lamp shade, will dress it up considerably and carry



IT'S EASY to perk up an old lamp shade. Treat it to trimming, which can be pasted in place as shown.



HEAT-RESISTANT PLACE MATS are made by stitching plain and quilted chintz together. The gay trim is multi-colour cotton fringe.

Old and new ways to prepare tea

EVER HAD A SIP OF THE "RAINBOW TEA"?

AFTERNOON parties are always popular and feminine. Get out your best silver, china and table linen for an afternoon tea which stars a beverage as stimulating as it is cheering.

Thin lemon slices go well with tea as does milk rather than cream, since it allows the true value of the tea to come through. Different nations serve tea in varied ways. In Iran, for example, tea is poured into tiny glasses. A piece of sugar

is placed in the mouth and the tea sucked through it.

In Central Europe, it is the custom to put a spoonful of jam in the mouth before drinking the tea. From Iraq comes word of a special treat, rainbow tea. The bottom layer consists of sugar, the middle layer is water tinted green from lemon leaves, and on top goes a heavily brewed tea which is poured drop by drop against the side of the glass so that it floats on the surface of the water.

Hot Cinnamon Tea is a fine choice for a special occasion.

To prepare 6-8 cups, make tea by pouring 4 c. freshly boiled water over 8 tsp. tea. Dissolve 1/4 c. sugar in a little water. Add the juice of 2 oranges and 2 lemons, a few rinds of peel, 1/4 tsp. cinnamon and 4 whole cloves.

Pour tea over other ingredients, strain and serve hot. Garnish, if desired, with a thin lemon slice speared with a pineapple juice whole clove.

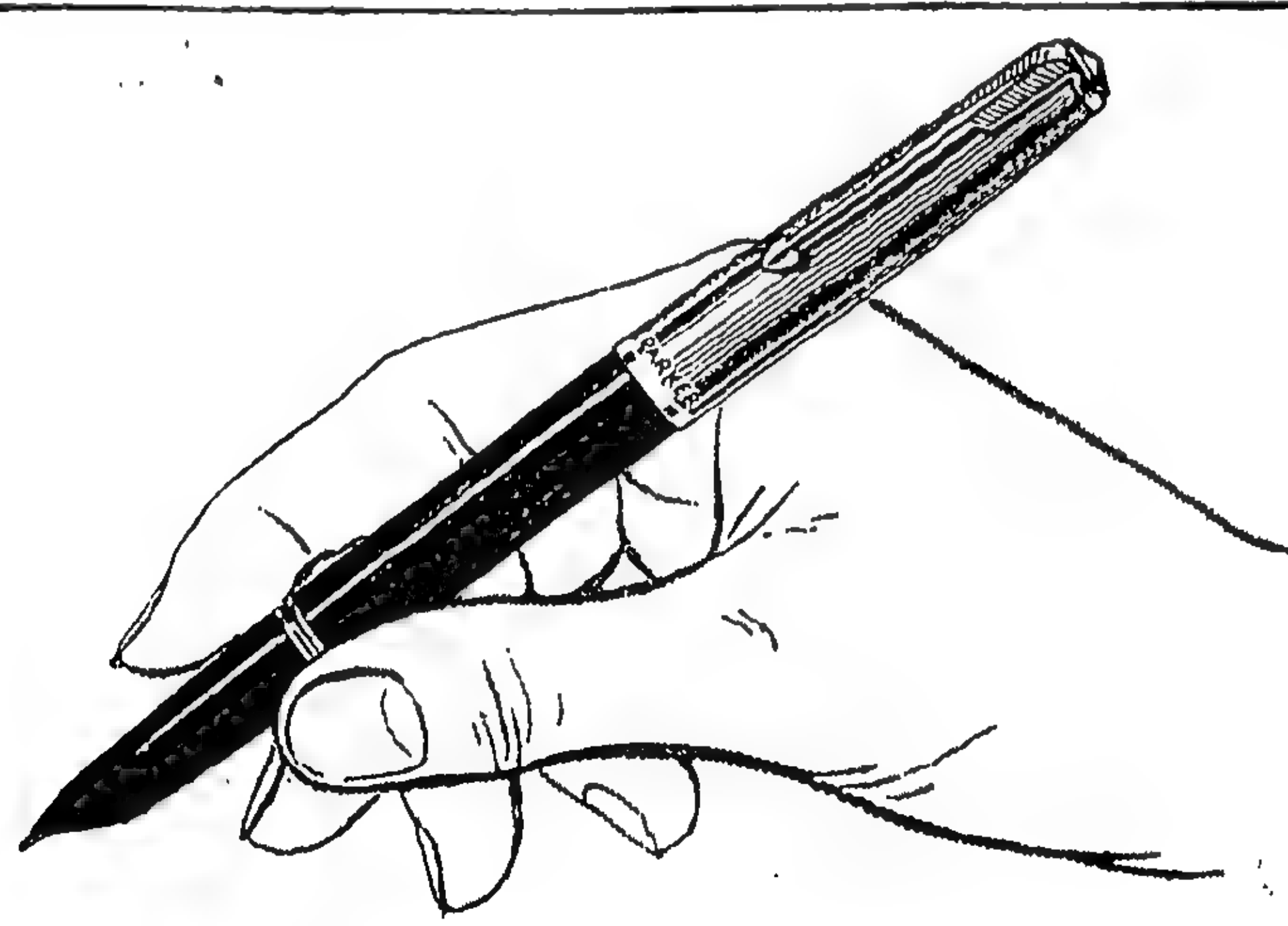
For 6 to 8 cups of a delicious tea punch, make tea by pouring 4 c. boiling water over 4 tsp. tea. Add 1/2 c. fresh

Then, in a saucepan, combine 1/4 c. granulated sugar, 1/4 c. water, a 2-in. cinnamon stick, 1/2 tsp. grated orange rind, 1/2 tsp. grated orange rind, 1/2 tsp. cinnamon and 4 whole cloves.

Boil 5 min. Remove cinnamon stick. Add 1/2 c. fresh, grated or frozen orange juice, 2 tsp. fresh, tinned or frozen lemon juice and 1/4 c. tinned whole clove.

Combine tea with fruit juice. Strain. Serve hot.

— Alice Danhoff



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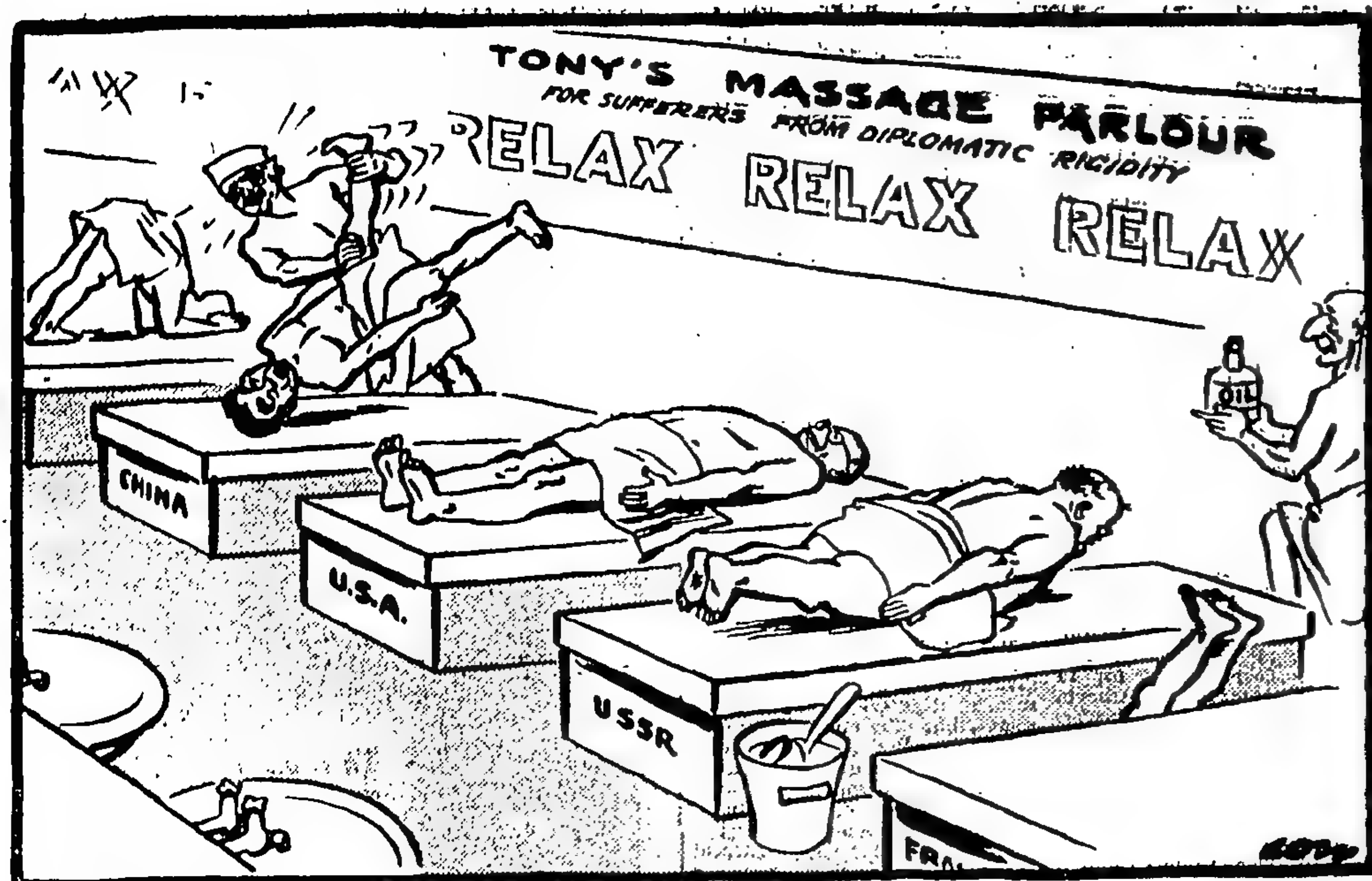


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PROFESSOR EDEN'S BUSY DAY

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Beverley Baxter tells the story of a very remarkable man

DOUGLAS BADER'S FIGHT WITH DEATH

IT was at the Berkshire Golf Club near Ascot that three of us were looking for someone to make a foursome. At an adjoining table Douglas Bader was lunching. His dark hair, his alert humorous eyes and his immense vitality always marked him out from other men. Dozing on the floor by his feet was his golden retriever, a beautiful dog, that was his unfailing companion. Wherever Bader went the dog went with him—even to lunch.

So we impounded Bader to make a fourth and eventually arrived at the first tee where two other dogs joined us.

"What's your handicap, sir?" asked Bader. Confound that respectful and aging epithet! There is a mere twenty years between us, and he need not behave as if he were a midshipman and I a rear-admiral. However, suppressing these thoughts, I told what my handicap was.

"Good!" he ejaculated. "I'll give you nine shots and play you for a ball." So it was agreed that we should play all against all, and thus the game began with four players, four caddies and three dogs.

As the lowest handicap man Bader took up his stance and addressed the ball. His dog lay flat on the ground with his sad eyes focused on his master's face. The owners of the other dogs held them by the collar until the drives were completed.

Grim Point

BADER hit a beautiful shot of nearly 250 yards, but the ball just reached the long grass on the left side of the fairway. The rest of us were fairly good but not in his class.

So off we went up the fairway. Bader was in high spirits, and his lurching walk from side to side gave a curious, grim point to his jokes. Two of the dogs had raced into the woods to search for adventure, but Bader's dog had no interest in them or in us. His eyes were always on his master, not in supplication, not in fear, and not in sloppy sentimentality. It was deeper than that.

He knew that his master was not as other men. He knew that his master did not walk as other men walked. If Bader would motor to town for some official banquet, the dog would wait for hours in the car. Douglas Bader was the dog's master, the dog's friend and the dog's responsibility.

When General Critchley went blind last year, the first to hurry to his side was Douglas Bader. There they met and talked—the soldier who had lost his eyesight and the airman with only two stumps for legs.

A Torch

THERE are times when reality leaves imagination far behind. Dumas created the Three Musketeers plus the immortal D'Artagnan and captured the young minds of his century. They were so brave, so daring, so scornful of danger. Yet not even Dumas *per se* and Dumas *visu* together could have invented such a character as Douglas Bader. His life story has just been published and today he stands before the world as a man whose courage and gay audacity will be a torch that will light the ages to come.

It is quite true that heroism has no special shape. I knew weedy little chaps in that old-fashioned 1914 war who looked death in the face without a tremor. And I have known great husky fellows who were terrified in battle.

Good Looking

DOUGLAS Bader was not only a sports mad, but he was brilliant at all games. In fact, he had been chosen to play rugby for England just before the accident which deprived him of his legs. Up to then life had stretched before him as a glorious, colourful adventure, with cups to win and the immortality of having played for England against Wales, Scotland, France and such other lesser breeds!

There was only one trouble. Young Bader was too good looking. What is there left for the outstanding player, but a seat on the side lines where he can watch new players combine the idols of the mob?

And after the applause of the crowds and the cups on the mantelpiece, what is there left for the outstanding player, but a seat on the side lines where he can watch new players combine the idols of the mob?

Sport is an attractive mistress but a poor wife.

He was at a public school (the quality designation given to private boarding schools for boys in England) and nearly all of his crowd were going on to Sandhurst or Dartmouth to qualify for regular commissions in the Army or Navy.

But young Bader did not like the idea of regimentation. Even in the rugged games he was an individualist and had to be reminded that there were others beside himself, who could carry the ball.

"I shall join the Air Force," he announced to his parents. It was in the Spring of 1928 (just after he had become captain of the cricket team at his school) that he was summoned by the RAF to London and submitted to a gruelling examination.

He came top with a score of 235 points out of a possible 250. A former teacher of his, named Dingwall, gave him a motor cycle as a reward. In fact, all through Bader's early life this self-effacing friend made things possible for the boy because he knew that in Bader there was a fire of the spirit, which could not be quenched.

Day Of Fate

LIFE was good! Life was vivid, exciting, romantic. He was a handsome youngster with that touch of arrogance which would suddenly melt into warm affection. He boxed, he fenced, he played rugby and cricket, he motor-cycled, he smoked a pipe—and above all, he flew.

Girls went starry-eyed at the sight of him, and he danced into the early hours of the morning, convincing each one of his partners that they had been the dance of the evening. His vitality was as inexhaustible as his charm.

Then came the day of fate, Monday, December 14, in the year 1931. A fortnight before he had broken his nose in a rugby game, but refused to leave the field. The next Saturday he played again but his eyes were troubling him and his nose gave him great pain.

On that Monday morning Bader was to join two other pilots in a cross-country flight, but some of the younger pilots wanted Bader first to do some aerobatics. He had done some astonishing tricks in the air at a recent flying show, but the machine this day was not of the same type. Then one of the younger pilots uttered the fatal words. He suggested that Bader was "windy."

Angered by the taunt, he went into the air and threw his machine about the sky. Then things went wrong. The plane was getting out of control. With his brain like cold steel he tried everything, but the plane had become the master.

As it went nose first into the ground, the engine tore out, bouncing in a cloud of flying dirt. Bader, pinned by his straps, felt the shock and heard the wild, crazy noise. But he did not lose consciousness. That

swift, uncompromising mind of his was not yet ready to surrender.

At nine o'clock that night Bader was dying. Nurses who had nothing to do with his case were weeping, and the doctors sent them into other wards. Nothing more could be done for the mangled boy whose life was draining to its end.

Last Rally

FOR sixteen hours Bader fought with death. Nothing but his courage and his heart kept him alive. But at last it seemed that he could hang on no longer, and a nurse gave him a hypodermic. His heart made one last rally and he fell asleep. Hours later in the morning, he opened his eyes and asked where he was.

"You have had an air accident," said the nurse.

"Have I?" said Bader. "That's a bloody silly thing to do."

The surgeon came in and patted him on the shoulder. "I'm afraid I had to take off your right leg, old chap."

"That's alright," said Bader. "I hope I wasn't too much of a nuisance."

They had tried to save the left leg but when the dressing was unwrapped they saw the terrible warnings of gangrene and septicemia. Could his heart stand a second operation? How much strength was left in that broken body, how much courage in that valiant soul?

The operation was performed and the poor broken body, with mere stumps and only one knee, was laid again on its bed of agony. But the fight seemed to have gone from him. He was so still, so weak, that the nurse said, "Sssh! There's a boy dying in here."

Six Months

BUT the boy who was dying heard it. Like Cyrano de Bergerac drawing his sword to meet the advancing spectre of death, Douglas Bader called upon the last remnant of his spirit. "So that's it!" he half-whispered to himself. "I'm dying. The hell I am!"

Six months later he stood on two artificial limbs and swung unsteadily. Two surgeons look at him and he stumbled horribly, grotesquely. What is more, his right stump was hurting fiendishly.

"I thought," said Bader grimly, "that I'd be able to walk out of here at once and start playing games."

The senior surgeon's voice was kindly but firm. "You'll have to face it," he said. "You will never walk again without a stick."

For a moment Bader's face went white. Then his chin came up and his eyes flashed re-

ONE BIG, DIZZY WHIRL IN THE GAY METROPOLIS

By LES ARMOUR

LONDON. Into a London park, the metropolis will be one big, dizzy whirl from June until September.

Hard-hearted, bowler-hatted, umbrella-swinging citizens whose memories are filled with images of a more austere capital will no doubt look askance at the plan. The London County Council, after all, didn't unbend this far even for the Coronation.

But it is not unlikely that these same gentlemen, bowlers crammed well back on their balding heads, will be seen, before the season is out, sipping lemonade and shuffling pennies in the "pleasure gardens" while the bands play Strauss in the background.

Should they persist in standing aloof, they may be able to take some comfort from the L.C.C.'s exhibition of modern sculpture in Holland Park or from a gentlemanly game of L.C.C. bowls on the nearby lawns.

In places, perhaps, the Council may have gone on a little far. Roller skating to the music of an outdoor orchestra beside an exhibition of open-air boxing is not a sight to inspire confidence in the future of sterling.

Yet there are some fitting touches. A new park in Islington, replete with lemonade stalls and peanut roasters may recall a little history. Islington is nowadays a dismal and grimy near-slum. But once it was open country where Henry VIII's men practised archery and, later, it was the centre of dairy farming where entrepreneurs set out tempting tables under the trees for the pleasure of customers as notable as Dr Johnson.

Hot-dogs and candy-floss may be a far cry from cheese-cakes and custard. But that is progress.

Fitting Touches

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Hot-dogs and candy-floss may be a far cry from cheese-cakes and custard. But that is progress.

Weary Weeks

DAYS and days of training. There were no muscles of the or ankle to spring him forward. He had to learn to lean forward so that the momentum of his body would carry him past the right leg and then past the left leg. At the end of the first day his courage nearly failed him.

"This is—awful," he said. But they went on holding him by the arms because he would not stop. They made adjustments and he advanced theories of his own. At the end of the day he shouted: "I'm going to walk alone!"

But they went on holding him by the arms because he would not stop. They made adjustments and he advanced theories of his own. At the end of the day he shouted: "I'm going to walk alone!"

The next morning he fell twenty times as he practised on the lawn. Later he determined that he would not be at the mercy of his artificial limbs when he wanted to go from his bed room to the toilet. So he invented a movement of his own with his seat and his hands as the propellers.

Weary, weary weeks. The days seemed endless and the nights delayed the dawn. It was in June 1932 that he suggested to the doctor in the convalescent hospital that it might be a good thing to take a spot of sick leave and make some contact with the outside world.

Chance To Live

SIR Philip Sassoon, the millionaire Under-Secretary of State for Air, asked him for a week-end to his beautiful country house. Bader's heart leaped with excitement. Now he might find out what his future would be in the RAF.

He and his host sat on the lawn watching the aeroplanes from a nearby RAF Squadron flying over the tree tops and tilting with the clouds. "I wish I were up there," said Bader. "I am quite sure I could fly perfectly well now. It's easier than driving a car—not so much footwork."

Sassoon looked at him and smiled. That night at dinner he said casually to Bader: "I've had a word with the Squadron C.O. A plane will be ready for you in the morning."

Strong men sometimes weep, but Bader had passed the frontier of tears. He was fighting for the chance to live. Tomorrow morning he would pilot a plane into those same skies that had harked him to hell and mutilation.

Beverley Baxter will continue the story of Douglas Bader on Monday.

This is the Gin



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Headache
Do not wait patiently for your suffering to end. Take 1-2 tablets of 'CAFASPIN' dissolved in half a glass of water, and headache will soon vanish
CAFASPIN

Presenting the Tudor Oyster Prince

For the man whose purse is modest, yet whose aspirations are high, Rolex of Geneva have specially commissioned the Tudor Oyster Prince.

In many respects, the amazing Tudor Oyster Prince matches the most expensive wrist-watches. For Rolex of Geneva have endowed this watch with the famous Oyster water-proof case and the infallible "rotor" self-winding mechanism.

Thus we have a magnificent watch, thoroughly waterproofed, automatically wound, yet priced at a moderate level.

Rolex of Geneva have submitted the Tudor Oyster Prince to the most rigorous tests ever devised for a self-winding wrist-watch. So impressive were the results of these tests, that it has been decided to make them the subject of a world-wide advertising campaign. The first advertisement in this series is reproduced below.

For those of your customers who look longingly at a Rolex Perpetual, but lack the means to buy one, show them the Tudor Oyster Prince. In its field, this is undoubtedly the finest watch Swiss skill and experience have ever produced. It is retailed to the public, as illustrated.



The Tudor Oyster Prince, sponsored by Rolex of Geneva. Water-proofed by the famous Oyster case, self-wound by the unique "rotor" mechanism, the Tudor Oyster Prince is the most outstanding wrist-watch for its price ever offered to the public.

This advertisement, the first of the new series, features the "Trial of Destruction." Six Tudor Oyster Princes were worn, one after the other, by a workman who spent a total of 30 hours operating a pneumatic drill. As the chisel of the drill bit (no granite) each watch suffered over 1,000,000 tremendous shocks. Yet the Tudor watches emerged unharmed and functioning perfectly!



POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"—and Mummy darling, you promise you won't keep ringing ME up to find out how I'm getting on!"

50 DUKES PROTESTED ABOUT A PARASOL

THE EUROPEAN NOBILITY IN THE 18TH CENTURY. Ed. A. Goodwin. A. and C. Black. 12s. 6d. 201 pages.

THE study of any noble caste in full flower—and here are studies of ten in the days before "democracy"—makes an irresistible appeal to those who combine a sense of history and a sense of humour.

They will decide from the evidence of this book that the English nobles were the

NEW BOOKS

by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

most public-spirited, the Prussian the most industrious, the French the most frivolous, the Spanish the stupidest.

In these days the work of death duties, which fall on the just and the unjust, was accomplished, on sounder principles of eugenics, by a prodigal heir at the faro tables.

Marquis de St. Huruge led revolts of the workers in Paris; Mirabeau wrote pamphlets to rig the Stock Exchange; the Prince de Montbary was wounded in battle, aged 12; the Comte de Sabran, with 11 wounds, charged the English cannon at Gibraltar brandishing his table silver. M. de Louvois had his clothes tailored from the family tapestry.

LAZINESS

In Spain there was less folly, poverty. "How nourishing was the crust of black bread eaten beneath the genealogical tree."

The craziest French duc was hardly wilder than the Austrian Prince Kaunitz, who wore one to nine black silk cloaks according to the weather, who cleaned teeth and gums after dinner in full view of his guests—and such was his dislike of death—sent a favourite cake to an old aunt four years after she was dead.

In Russia, the Tsar was everything; noble blood counted for nothing. To show her opinion of the Russian nobility, the Tsarina Anne chose the sons of three famous houses as her court fools.

The diverted reader of these studies (of varying literary value) in a vanished system will come upon many suitable candidates for similar posts in other courts.

LIBRARY LIST

● THE SUDAN. By Sir Harold MacMichael. Began. 21s. 255 pages. How Britain brought hope and some civilisation to an African land, where now through foolish policies, she has brought her own beneficent work into jeopardy.

● THE PENGUIN BOOK OF MODERN AMERICAN VERSE. Edited Geoffrey Moore. 3s. 6d. 320 pages. The critical poet, Emily Dickinson, in this selection was born in 1830; the latest, W. S. Merwin, in 1927. Here, then, is a century of American poetry and 58 American poets. Riches of the new world.

● THREE SINGLES TO ADVENTURE. By Gerald Durrell. Faber. 15s. 219 pages. Hunting animals in British Guiana with trap, net, lasso, etc. The animals finish in zoos.

● AFRICAN FURY. By George Michael. Michael Joseph. 18s. 220 pages. Hunting animals in Africa, with gun. The animals finish as rugs, stuffed heads, furs, ornaments, etc. Excellent photographs of the slaughter.

THE POOR

Below, far below, the upper crust of wealthy French nobles was proletariat of poor ones. The Breton gentry went to market with a sword on one side and a basket on the other; the nobles of Auch ploughed their own fields; daughters of the aristocrats of Poitou kept the flocks while their fathers pastured the court for jobs (though not for work).

If English nobles were eccentric, how could the French be classified? The Duc d'Orléans lived by shoplifting; the

PARADE

BLACK AND COSTLY MAGIC

Detectives, frustrated by their lack of success in recovering £30,000 stolen from the railways between Southern and Northern Rhodesia, decided to consult a witch doctor.

The witch doctor figured a loss of his bones would do the job all right—but he wanted to know what his cut would be. The detectives said £100, no-pay basis. The witch doctor threw up his hands, muttering, "I want 7,000 quids."

That was too much for the detectives. They went away muttering about the black market in black magic.

MAGNA CARTA ISLAND

Magna Carta Island, at Runnymede, has been leased for 14 years to Miss Alberta Catherine Bigelow, an American writer. Miss Bigelow plans to live in King John's hunting lodge.

The island, on which King John is said to have signed the Magna Carta, was recently bought by Bucks County Council in conjunction with the National Trust, so that it could be preserved for all time.

CIGARETTE ADDICT

Mahmoud, the 14-year-old boy in Cairo Zoo, smokes five cigarettes a day.

And there's trouble aplenty if he doesn't get his daily ration. Mahmud beats his head against the cage, tries to beat up his keepers, and snarls at the custodian whenever he runs out of fags. After a smoke, though, he becomes gentle and friendly.

The Zoo's veterinarians fear the smokes may kill him eventually, but they've had no success in curing him of the habit.

CALMER RIDE

The world's windiest train ride is on the way out. A five-mile tunnel—one of the longest in the world—has been pushed through the Himalayas range, 25 miles from Wellington, New Zealand.

Previously, to get over the range, the railway wound its way over the mountain ridges—a job which took five extra locomotives. Even then it was risky.

A railway car was once blown off by a 90-mile-an-hour gale. A sign on the adjoining highway warns motorists: "Beware of the Wind."

THE COURSE OF LOVE

Love, they say, makes the world go round. But what makes love go round is quite another matter.

Take, for instance, the case of Frederick China and Miss Voo Fossenski.

Three years ago, Frederick China appealed through a Wellington (New Zealand) paper for pen-pals. He wanted one married in each year of his life. Fourteen were mailing.

Hundreds came in from all parts of the country and he got every year except 1923. The last three years have been spent trying to find that one. Eventually, he got a letter from Miss Fossenski who had the hunted coin. A month ago, they met for the first time. Now, they're honeymooning.

STAND-UP WHISKERS

German scientists have evolved a "miracle shaving soap" that makes whiskers stand upon end—all ready for cutting. Just how the soap gives a vertical lift to whiskers is a tightly-guarded trade secret, but the inventor of the dream shaving soap claims that, with the whiskers standing docilely at attention, you can cut them two or three tenths of a millimetre closer to the skin than is possible with current shaving soaps—even with a sharp blade.

Further, it is claimed that a shave with the new soap lasts four or five hours longer than the conventional shave—and that men who now have to shave twice a day will be able to get by with one shave.

NEXT, For an hour, 19-year-old Elena Magara waited in a Milan church for her bridegroom, Domenico Tortorella, a 25-year-old barbor.

Then the guests went out to look for him. They found he had kidnapped Elena's 17-year-old sister, Romana.

ENDLESS WRANGLE

Nine years after the end of the Second World War, the wrangles are still going on over who stole what, who wrecked who, and who ought to pay.

Samples: Marshal Tito is demanding 1,900 church bells, allegedly stolen by the Italian army of occupation. But the Italians say they can't give them back. They were made into shells. Instead, they will pay Tito the cost price of 1,000 bells.

Italy wants Tito to give back eight famous oil paintings, including a Titian, which were found in a Bavarian cave by the Americans and given to Yugoslavia by the American Control Commission.

Italy claims they were flicked by Marshal Goering. They think they have a legal claim, because Goering didn't bother to get an export permit for them.

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13 GROSVENOR PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1, ENGLAND

REDS BUZZ U.S. POLAR BASE

From Donald Ludlow

NEW YORK. THE HEADLINE you see above appears in the New York Herald-Tribune today with the strangest news address for a long time.—On Ice Island T-3.

Ice Island T-3 is a 200-ft. thick slab of freshwater ice five miles wide and nine miles long that floats in the Arctic Ocean anywhere between 150 and 800 miles off the North Pole.

On it, living in frigid loneliness, the U.S. Air Force has a small weather study team.

And over the little cluster of huts where the Stars and Stripes flies, a Soviet Ilyushin-12 bomber appeared on May 5 to make three swoops, taking pictures all the time. No shots were fired.

The U.S. plans no protest because "nobody owns the North Pole," say officials.

ACTRESS Dale Evans, wife of cowboy star Roy Rogers, is laid up with an ear infection. She caught it, says her doctor, on her recent visit to Britain. One of its effects is that it prevents her keeping her balance.

WORRIED frown on the air force side of the Pentagon—because 150,000 highly trained airmen have somehow to be replaced this year.

Only 50,000 of 200,000 airmen who signed up for four years when the Korean war broke out have agreed to re-sign. The rest are quitting.

Training replacements will cost at least \$44 million dollars. Premature cause of the exodus: Military pay does not match earnings in industry.

IT has yet to be announced officially but President Eisenhower has set up a "Junior Cabinet" to help the regular Cabinet and bring Government departments in closer touch with the White House.

The Junior Cabinet, which meets every two weeks under the President's assistant, Sherman Adams, is made up of high officials from each of 10 departments represented at the Cabinet proper.

SLOE-EYED heiress Gloria Vanderbilt, wife of London-born symphony conductor Leopold Stokowski—they eloped in 1943 when she was 21 and he 48—is planning to add new jewels to those she has already won as a painter, writer, social leader, and mother (they have two sons).

It is the stage this time, beginning with a trial in summer at Boston, and then, perhaps a fling at Broadway.

A RATTLESNARE bit deeply and viciously into Vernon Trasker's left leg before a friend could cut its head off. But Trasker, World War II veteran, of Los Angeles, calmly went on doing his thing. The bitten leg was only an artificial one.

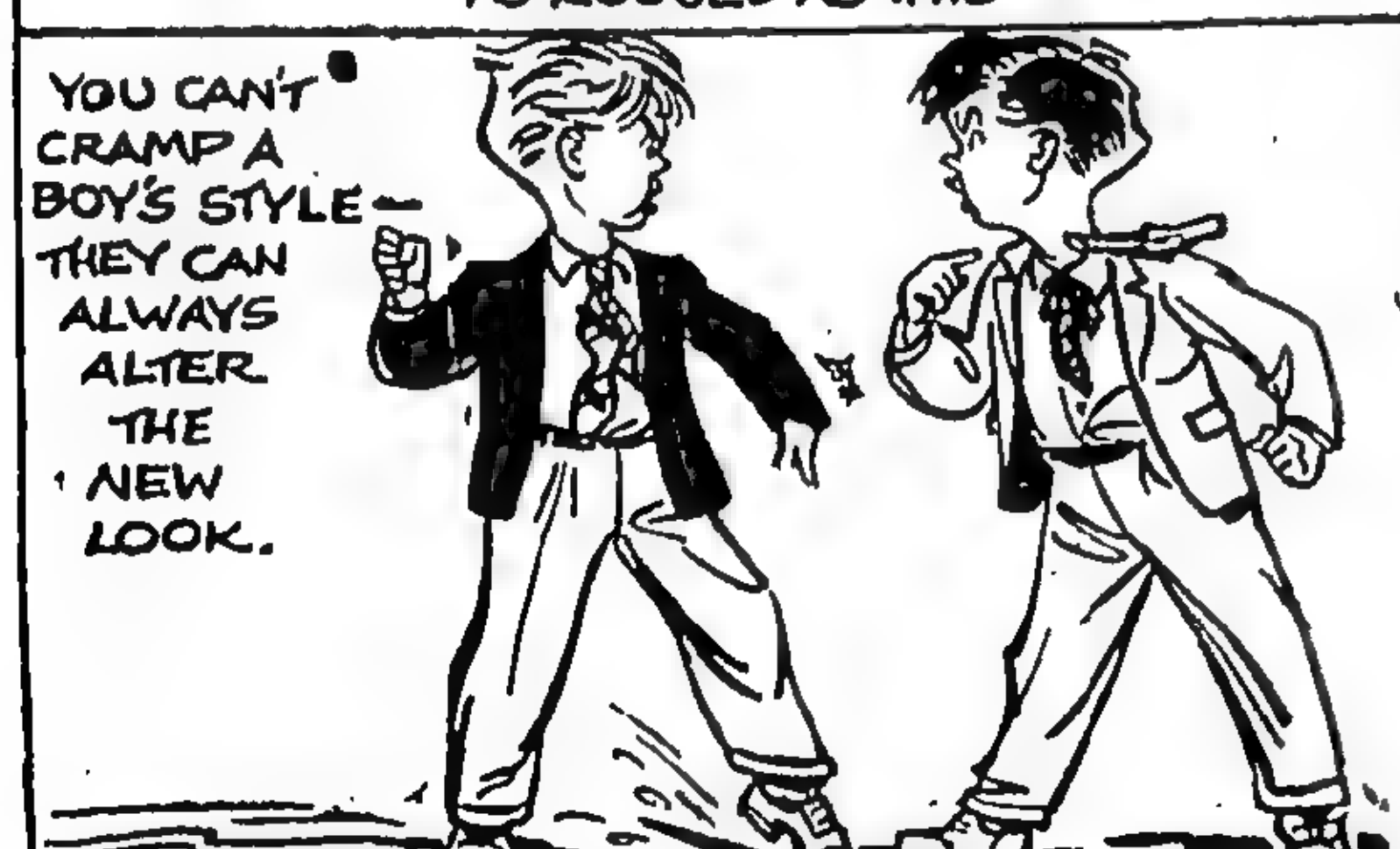
VIGNETTES OF LIFE

The Strange Effect Of New Clothes

BY HARRY WEINERT



INSPECTION—THE ARMY WAS NEVER AS RUGGED AS THIS



EASTER PARADE. SOME PEOPLE NEVER FEEL AT EASE IN NEW CLOTHES.



SOME FELLOWS FEEL YOUNG AGAIN IN A NEW OUTFIT AND SALLY FORTH TO GIVE THE GIRLS A TREAT—BUT THEY COME HOME FOR DINNER AS USUAL.



SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

Do You Aspire To Being A World Cup Referee?— Take A Cold Bath First

By I. M. MacTAVISH

"CALLING ALL SOCCER REFEREES" LIKE A FAMILIAR ADVERTISEMENT I HAVE A PERTINENT QUESTION TO ASK THIS WEEK. DO YOU ASPIRE TO HIGHER THINGS...? DO YOU WISH TO REFEREE IN THE VERY HIGHEST CLASS OF FOOTBALL???

If your answer to both questions is in the affirmative, then I have another question to ask: "What instructions would YOU expect to receive in return for the honour of being selected to take charge of one of the international show games of the year?"

These questions are prompted by a letter from a reader in the Kowloon area who has sent me a copy of the instructions which have just been circulated to those referees who have been nominated to take charge of games in the World Cup series in Switzerland in June.

The instructions are rather unusual and will no doubt be of interest to officials here in Hongkong. Here they are:

REFEREES ARE EXPECTED

- (a) TO TAKE A COLD BATH FIRST THING EACH MORNING AND ANOTHER BEFORE GOING TO BED.
- (b) TO TAKE A PAIR OF SKIPPING ROPES AND DO 15 MINUTES SKIPPING EACH DAY.
- (c) TO TAKE NO ALCOHOL WHATSOEVER ON THE DAY OF A MATCH.
- (d) TO RUN A MILE AND A HALF EVERY OTHER DAY, FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER COLD BATH.
- (e) TO GO TO BED EARLY ON THE EVE OF A MATCH.
- (f) TO REMEMBER THAT IN THE CASE OF DEATH ON THE FIELD THE GAME WILL BE TERMINATED IMMEDIATELY.

Well, well, well, what do you think about that? One is almost tempted to say the "end" of all instructions. As my correspondent says, there is not one word about actual refereeing. Neither is there any indication of whose death is covered by the ominous reminder in the final paragraph. Could it be that this is to be regarded as long last as official recognition of the age-old anti-referee slogan "Dig a hole for him"? Makes you think, doesn't it? ... and with all that emphasis on bathing!

WONDERFUL THOUGHT

Still in a mood of interrogation I have another question to ask. This time I pose a hypothetical query to our players... If you were given on very special wish for next season what would it be? ... I believe that the players would divide their wishes between a desire to see or play against the fabulous Hungarians or to play against Arsenal.

I regret that in spite of long comment on the possibilities of the Hungarians coming East, I doubt very much if we shall see them this way yet awhile... but I have good reason to believe that the other wish would have a very good chance of being realised.

Arsenal in Hongkong! It's a wonderful thought, for, although the Gunners are not quite the force they were a couple of seasons back, they are still a magical name in football and among footballers in every corner of the world.

I believe that an incident in the Highbury club's willingness to consider seriously a tour in the Far East will be received here very soon... If it has not, in fact, already arrived.

It is possible that the first contact may be a semi-official feeler but I understand that the Arsenal have shown a real interest in the project, and like many others I shall look forward to hearing some official news on this subject in the near future.

What a tonic such a visit would be. Expensive... Yes, but it should not be difficult to shed and there, some of the financial load of an attractive show like this with our football associates in the vicinity.

It's a stimulating thought with which to close our reason...

IMPORTANT ISSUE

What is to be the future of M. Tom Sheridan here in Hongkong? The question is being asked on many sides for it is obvious that the present situation of uncertainty which exists between the coach and the HKFA is hardly satisfactory on either side.

Coaching is not a means of producing football miracles overnight. It is a planned and practice designed to develop basic skills and encourage natural talent, but this all takes time and patience.

Today's lessons are closely related to those of three or six months ago. A coach must therefore have a planned long term programme if he is going to do any good at all.

Haphazard coaching means nothing and produces nothing. The Hungarian footballers, on the other hand, have shown what can be accomplished with a rigid long term plan. Here in Hongkong we shall have to face up to the important issue of "To coach or not to coach?"

LAST LAP

With the season now almost on its last lap only a handful of games remain to be played. This evening at Caroline Hill we shall see the re-arranged international match between Great Britain and China. This game, which was postponed last Sunday, should attract a big crowd.

This will be one of the last chances the fans will have to see their favourites in action this season and, with both sides eager to collect the trophy, this should be plenty of entertaining play.

The odds are slightly in favour of China but the game may not be easily decided. The game is of 90 minutes duration but should finish in a draw no extra time will be played.

Tomorrow, also at Caroline Hill, local football enthusiasts will get their chance to salute The Champions of 1954 when KMB meet The Rest in an exhibition match.

During the evening the Championship Trophy will be presented to the Busmen and there seems little doubt that their supporter will therefore turn in force to give them the cheer which their success deserves.

On Monday evening under the floodlights at the Club Stadium Combined Services will meet the Combined Chinese in the Victory Shield. This could well be an excellent game and there is sure to be a big crowd in the comparative cool of the evening.

It is understood that as a curtain raiser to this game, a match will be played between

Arsenal in Hongkong. Ah, the Chinese Referees and the Non-Chinese Referees. It is difficult to know what standard of football will be produced but there will certainly be an assured ration of laughs... although I am told there is no truth in the current rumour that the Chief Justice has been invited to referee.

Speculation is still going on as to whether or not the Asian Games representatives of Hongkong and Nationalist China will meet in a match here.

My own impression is that such a match will take place for, whatever the fantastic financial value that has been put on it, this is an attractive and lucrative fixture and as I have said it will go on eventually with or without the blessing of the Hongkong FA.

THIS WEEK'S TALKING POINT: It is not often that a player gets or takes the chance to pay a compliment to the crowd who cheer him on and give him encouragement to do well, and it was therefore pleasing to hear "Footballer of the Year" Grainger publicly acknowledge the support he has received from the local Chinese fans during the season. He summed it up very neatly in the words "I shall have to work twice as hard for half as much applause when I get back home. A fine tribute to fine sporting crowds."

Stan Is Still The Soccer Magnet

Football statisticians, for whom the end of the season is sheer delight with its masses of statistics to pore over, have come to the conclusion that the incomparable Stanley Matthews is still the biggest individual box-office magnet in the game today.

They have studied the question of which teams have the biggest crowd-pulls in the Football League. ARSENAL, in spite of their vicissitudes and erratic home form, are from an overall analysis of the estimated average attendances at home and away games, the No. 1 attraction at Highbury and elsewhere with an average of 50,277 at home and 42,543 away.

CHelsea have next best home averages with 47,000, followed by NEWCASTLE, 45,000 and EVERTON, 43,000. Cup holders WEST BROMWICH ALBION come third among the First Division visiting team; BLACKBURN, EVERTON and LEICESTER—in that order—are in Division II's top four, and promoted PORT VALE and IPSWICH (BRIGHTON next), lead the Third Division groups.

BLACKPOOL foot the home list with only 25,420, yet are second to ARSENAL away from home with 41,821.

The "auditors" say the answer is not far to seek. It is that Stanley Matthews is still the biggest box-office draw in the game when he is playing away from his home ground.

They add that Stanley's other outside international colleagues, Mortensen, Taylor, Johnston, Farm, and Brown are other capped personalities who unfailingly pull in the crowds.

(London Express Service)

COCKELL'S CHALLENGER



Harry Matthews, the American heavyweight who meets Don Cockell at White City on June 1 in the final eliminator for the world title, seen in training at Solomons' gym.—Central Press Photo.

LAWN BOWLS LEAGUE SEASON GETS INTO FULL STRIDE THIS AFTERNOON

By "TOUCHER"

The Lawn Bowls League season gets into full stride this afternoon when, in addition to First and Second Division matches, the Third Division League will also open with four games.

Top match of the afternoon will be that between Reccreio "Blues" and Indian Recreation Club in the First Division. Reccreio "Blues" were the League Champions a 5-0 walloping last season game at Reccreio.

Will the Indians, who are among the top contenders this year, be able to repeat that performance? On the form shown by the Champions in their last three matches, prospects of an IRC win are quite rosy though probably not by the same wide margin.

The Reccreio "Blues" met with better success with their reshuffled ranks against Kowloon Dock last Saturday. They will be greatly strengthened this afternoon with the return of Jackie Narahua as skip to one of the rinks and the reversion of Raoul Luz to No. 3 in his younger brother's rink.

The Indians have only played one match so far and that was against the Police when they beat by 4-1.

They seem to have three well-balanced rinks with U. A. Rumbh, A. M. Omar and M. B. Hassan as skip. They then had two Second Division players doing duty for them in this match, and if the two Minu brothers were to come in in this afternoon's match, the Indians should provide the "Blues" with an extremely close game.

WILL BE CONFIDENT

Another good First Division match will be that between Craighower Cricket Club and Police at the Valley. Both teams are well in the running for the title. The custodians of the law are still flushed with their 1-1 triumph over the "Whites" last week and with the two bottles of whisky they earned through Ken Bodle's rink, and it will be a confident lot who will oppose the Craighower men this afternoon.

Bodle's rink is at present at the top of the skips' table with three straight wins and if they produce the same form as they showed in the second half (not the first half, which bordered on the terrible) of their game last week, they should be good for one point.

On form Hayward's rink with Metcalfe, Sandy Hircock and Charlie Gough as the other members, are the more consistent and look good for another point. Perkins' four

look the weakest of their three rinks and if he and his men can hold up, Craighower will have an extremely hard time in avoiding a 4-1 defeat.

Kowloon Cricket Club should be well up after their second outing this afternoon against Filipino Club with a possible five points, and Kowloon Bowling Green Club will probably atone for their poor beginning last week by taking at least three points from Kowloon Dock.

SECOND DIVISION

In the Second Division the two leading teams, Reccreio and KCC, are not expected to be seriously challenged by Talkoo and Hongkong Cricket Club.

Most interesting match in this division is that between the Hongkong Football Club and KBGC at the Valley. The Bowling Green Club still has a clean slate after two outings and look as if they are on the upward trend, provided they do not get halted this afternoon.

The Third Division matches will see not only an array of newcomers to the game but also a good number of old-timers back in the fold.

The Indian Recreation Club, as last year's runners-up, seem to be the pre-season favourites, but one cannot know as yet what new lawn bowlers the Colony has been producing during the last year.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
Reccreio "Blues" v. IRC.
KCC v. KBGC.
FC v. KCC.
CCC v. KCC.

Second Division
CCC v. IRC.
HKFC v. KBGC.
HKCC v. KCC.
TC v. Reccreio.
PRC v. USRC.

Third Division
IRC v. CCC.
USRC v. FC.

A Wembley For The North?

Odsl Stadium at Bradford is very much in the news these days. There has been a most emphatic resounding of the old Northern battle cry to take the Rugby League Cup Final away from Southern Wembley, where there is but a lukewarm enthusiasm for the game, to the Odsl, heart of the R.L. country where the Final would always be a sell-out.

The bugles were set going again after that fantastic evening when a world's record attendance for a Rugby League game of 102,575 (receipts £16,650) was set up there at the Warrington-Hallifax Final, when people were still trying to get away from the vicinity of the Stadium at midnight along roads blocked for miles around by 10,000 cars and coaches.

Now comes the announcement that a powerful London financial group are to introduce the first stock-car racing for £1,000 in prizes ever to be held outside London—racing in which ordinary saloon cars past their best days may be driven as recklessly and crazily as the drivers think necessary in order to reach the finishing post first.

There are no rules or barred holds, and drivers may even reverse smack into an oncoming opponent. Some 20,000 would-be spectators were locked out when the sport was first introduced to Britain at London's New Cross Stadium at Easter.

At Odsl on opening night over 50,000 elicited the tumults and more as the summer season continues. The authorities at Odsl, however, consider the possibility of the Stadium becoming the Rugby League Wembley of the North to be "definitely not yet".

Says Chairman Harry Horby: "It could be made suitable in time. The Rugby Final record came as a complete surprise to us and there will have to be great developments here before our Stadium can compete with Wembley."

Meanwhile, the stock-car racing promoters think that will have a surprise for Odsl.

FROM RICHARDS TO SIR GORDON

By J. W. TAYLOR

Never in all its history has the quiet and exclusiveness of Sandown Park Racecourse known scenes of such unrestrained demonstration of public affection and adulation as on the recent day when Sir Gordon Richards, Britain's superb champion jockey, celebrated his fiftieth birthday by cantering home winner of the Rose Stakes.

The crowd roared their greetings from the time he eluded the rest of the field to "come home alone" to the moment he disappeared into the weighing-in-room, demonstrating how deep is the public regard for this son of a Shropshire miner who became Knight of the Turf indeed, complete master of his craft and maker of a personal fortune estimated to be in the region of a million.

To the Derby winner for the Queen—all the Royal Family have an affectionate regard for this peerless jockey, unsunning in and out of the saddle and as "straight" at the game as they make him—is the ambition that now consumes him, just as it did throughout his long and patient struggle for that first Derby success which he at long last brought off so brilliantly last year.

His second aim is to be the first jockey to ride a total of 5,000 winners, which, with normal luck, he should bring off by the beginning of next autumn—another what going-on there will be on the course on which he should finally establish the great record!

with horses, and his mother and her other six children wept when (Gordon) departed for his new life.

Steve Donoghue was then in his reccourse pride, sweeping all before him. He came across the Hartigan apprentice, admired his superb balance and amazing strength in handling a horse and became his tutor. Two years later Gordon rode his first winner, Gay Lord, belonging to the "big" millionaire and financier, Jimmy White, and it was a proud son who sent to his Ma the £10 present White gave him.

Soon this superb rider was at the heels of the fashionable and leading jockeys who began to respect the skill of an unusually fine rider, particularly that of "collecting" his mount into proper balance and smoothly shooting the tapes in sprint races whilst the other horses were still dithering on three legs.

He became without peer in flying starts, so important in the shorter distance races. Rather disconcerting, too, he was so often beating the tutor, Steve, until the rival cries went up in a cacophonous scream: "Come on, Steve; come on, Gordon."

Keeping to his favourite maxim: "Play fair, play hard" Gordon gradually worked his way to become champion jockey and achieve a public popularity and acclaim not equaled since Donoghue's days. He has ridden over 4,800 winners, headed the jockeys' list 26 times and won owners nearly £2 million in stake money and millions more in bets for the gambling stables, culminating this year in the well-earned award of a knighthood.

When he does retire, and that, seemingly, is not far off, he will set up as a trainer with his son, Peter, already in the business. One thing is certain—Sir Gordon will not lack patronage.

FAMOUS SPORTS STARS I HAVE MET

"Old" George Gunn Is 75 Years Young

By ARCHIE QUICK

"Old" George Gunn is 75 years young. He is called "Old" only to distinguish him from his son, "G.V.", now Worcestershire's coach, for there is nothing elderly about one of England's finest opening bats.

George now lives in one of the northern suburbs of his native Nottingham, and it can be taken as read that his immaculately clad figure will be seen at all the first class county games at Trent Bridge this summer.

Gunn is "King of the Pavilion" at all Nottinghamshire's games, but best of all he loves Test Matches there. Then he expands to his entertaining best with a host of anecdotes of cricketing days long-ago. It is almost certain he will be wearing a small brown tribby titled back at a rakish angle, brown overcoat and suit, perfectly shone brown shoes, a dapper malacca cane, and, inevitably, a long brown cigar between his teeth.

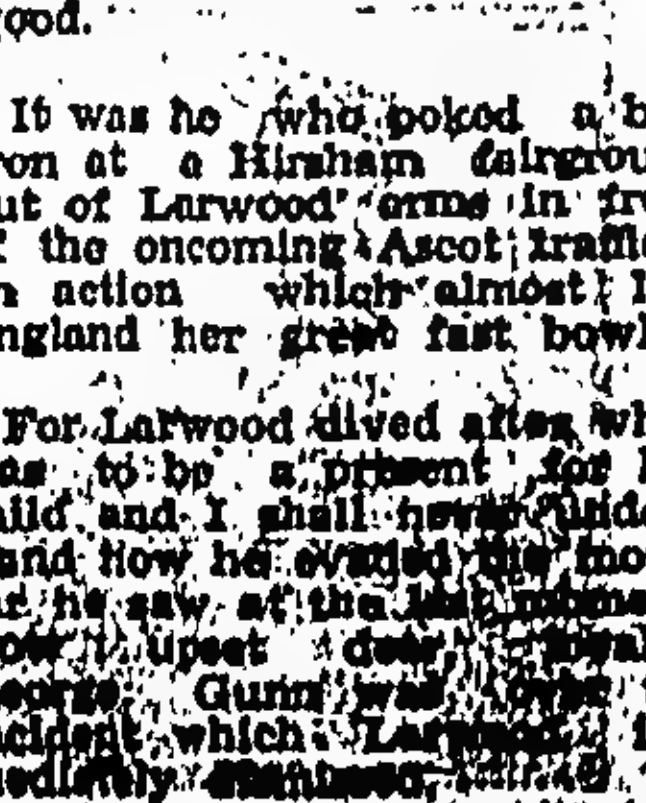
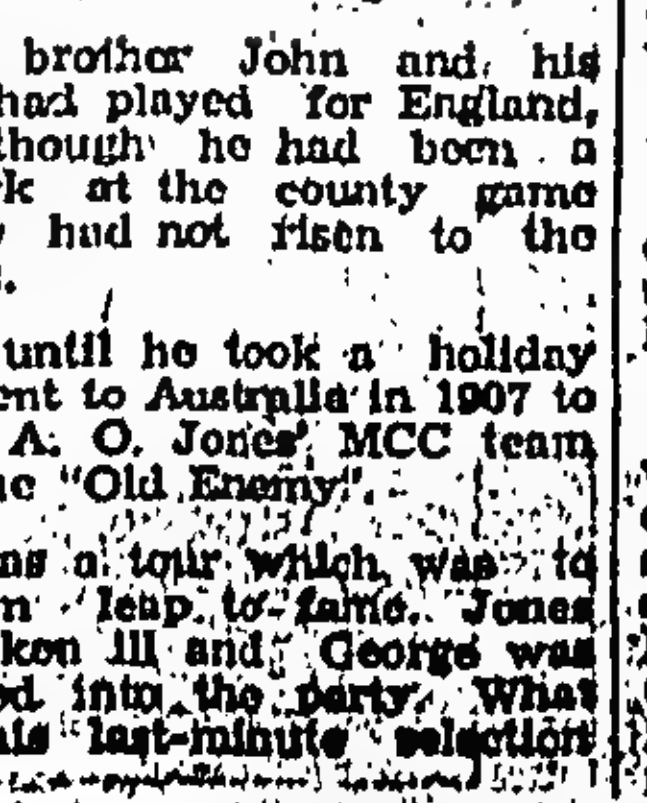
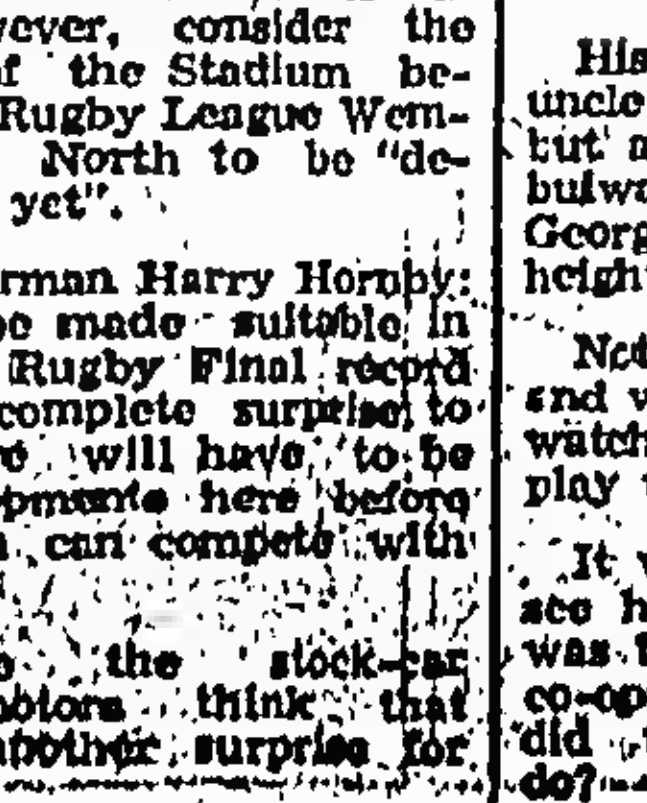
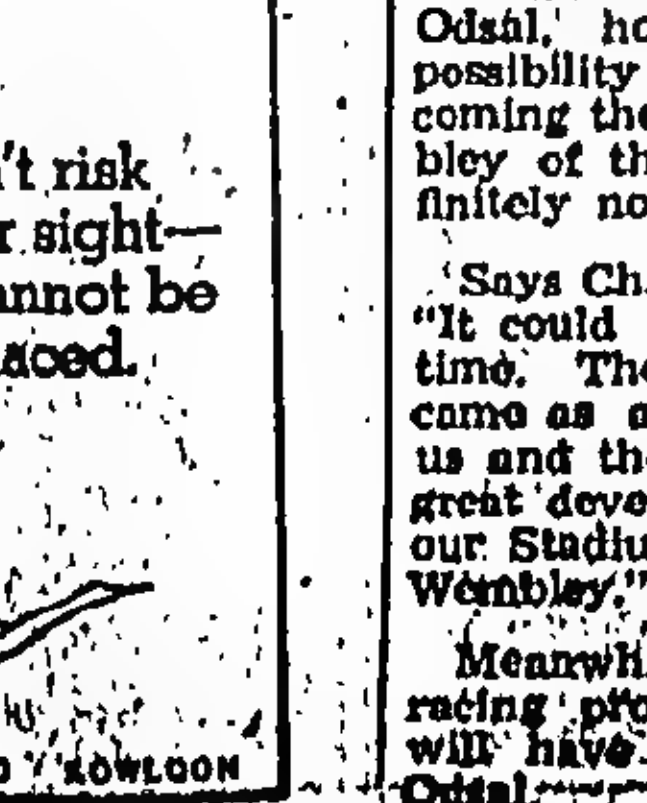
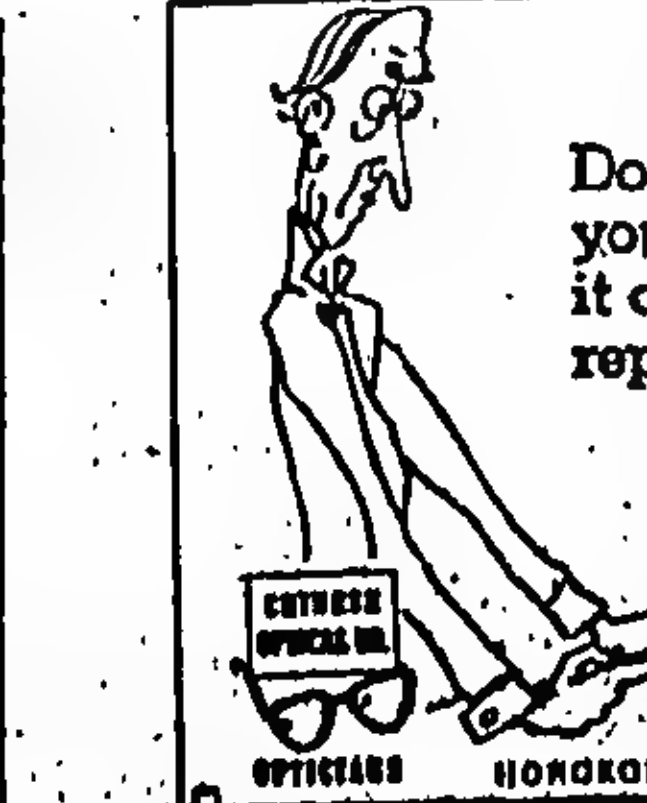
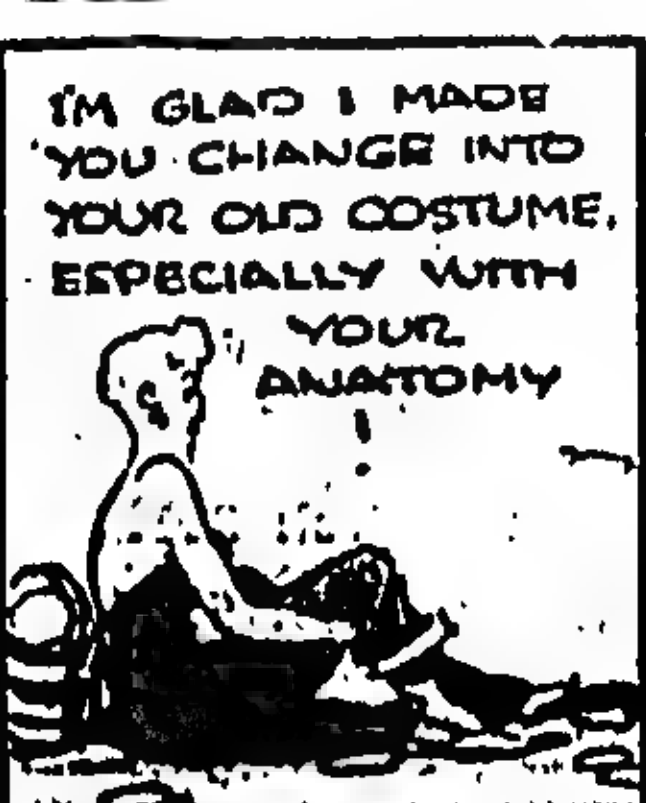
He followed it, with 74 in the second innings, and got 35, 18 and 12 in succeeding Tests to finish top of the averages. His 450 total was more than 150 runs better than any other player could aggregate.

In cold figures he totalled 35,000 first class runs and 62 centuries, but I like to remember him best in the mellow days of his career, the rustic "lad" as he was called, who was both the idol and example of Nottingham players like Larwood.

It was he who poked a ball won at a Hingham fairground out of Larwood's game in front of the oncoming Ascutt traffic—an action which almost lost England her great fast bowler.

For Larwood dived after what was to be a present for his child and I shall never understand how he saw the motor car he saw at the moment. Now I suspect that Larwood's decision to "punch" the ball was a mistake which Larwood immediately regretted.

POP



By **ALEC BEDSER**

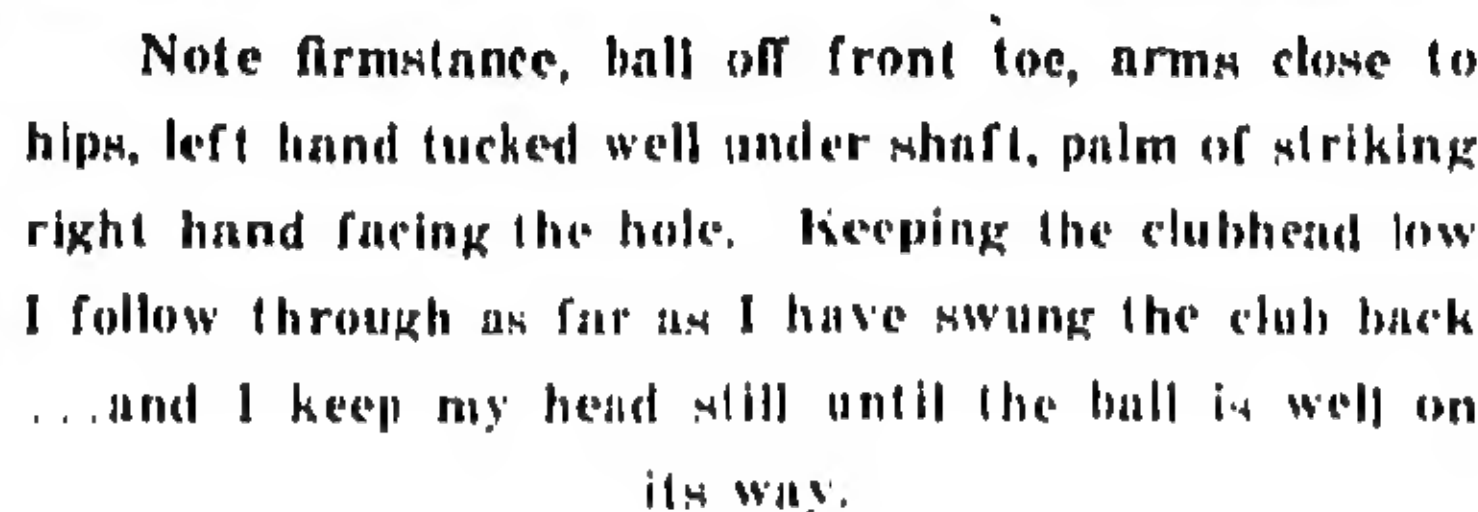
He could not agree that there was no future in football and averred that for the player who used his commonsense the game could be a stepping-stone to a future career of considerable worth.

According to friends who were there—I was playing against

Pakistan have an average age of 24. And as I have mentioned several veterans I will finish with a sixteen-year old, Khalid Hussain, a leg-break bowler with a pace like Doug Wright's. He may be the youngest player to take part in a Test match. Truly this is a game for old 'uns and teen-agers alike!

By J. W. TAYLOR

They argued that a shortening of the four-mile course would not only avoid risks of health injury to the gentlemen but would lead to more closely contested contests, until the medical profession put forward the proved fact that strain was caused by running a distance of four miles, especially in the event of extreme exertion, performed for a very short time.

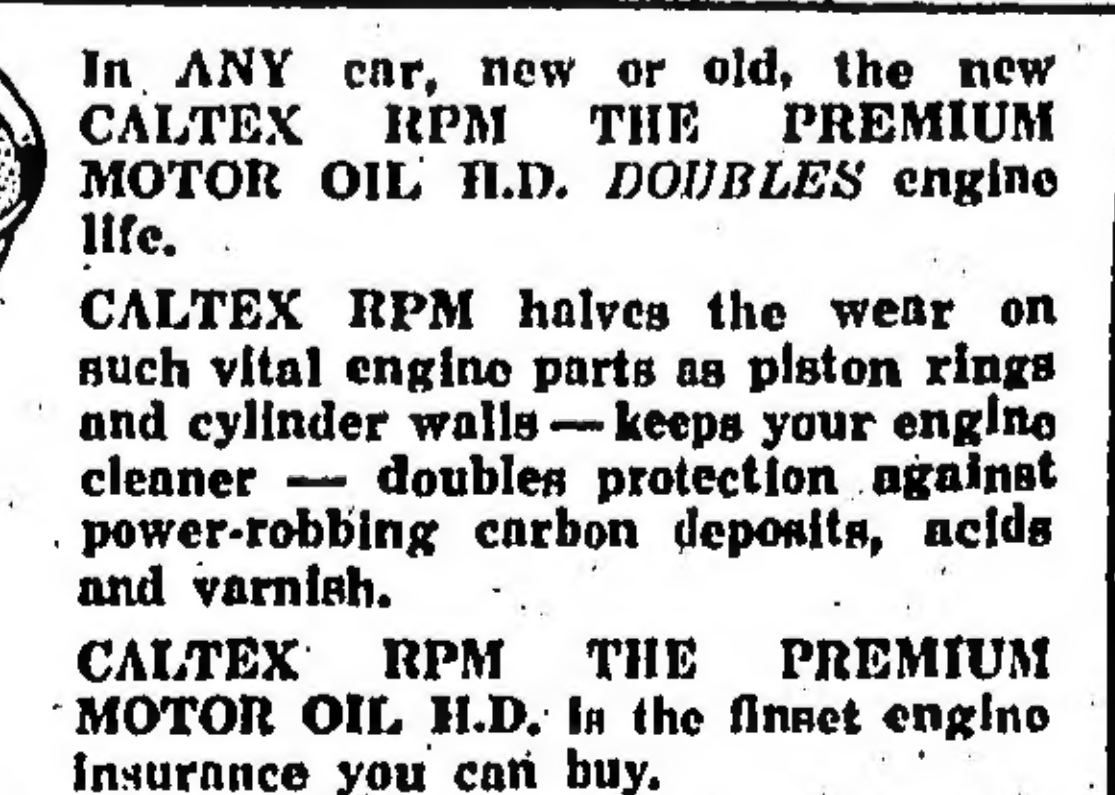


Says BERNARD HUNT

By JAMES GOODFELLOW

Finally... please don't be put off by my preference for a centre-shafted putter. If you like the feel of your own, if you have confidence in it, stick to it. It will be your best friend. If you are not so happy or not so good with your old one don't be afraid of the new idea. It helped me and it might help you.

When we come to technique we are on more difficult ground. You have only to watch a major tournament to notice how varied are the effective styles. But I think you will find that most of the good putters have two vital factors in common... (1) they strike with the ball off the front foot, hitting it slightly



WHAT'S THE MATTER, DEAR?

YOU DIDN'T KISS ME WHEN YOU CAME DOWN TO BREAKFAST, IT LIKE YOU USUALLY DO

NO - ITS TOO LATE NOW

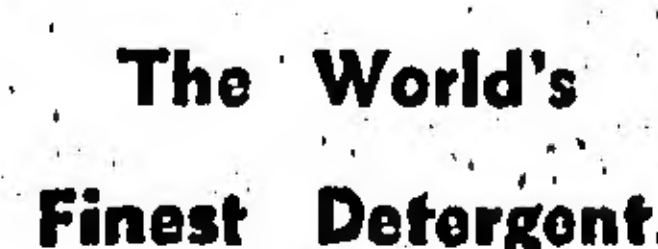
GEORGE, DO YOU LIKE THE WAY I'VE DONE MY HAIR WITH THIS NEW DRESS?

YOU LOOK GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT

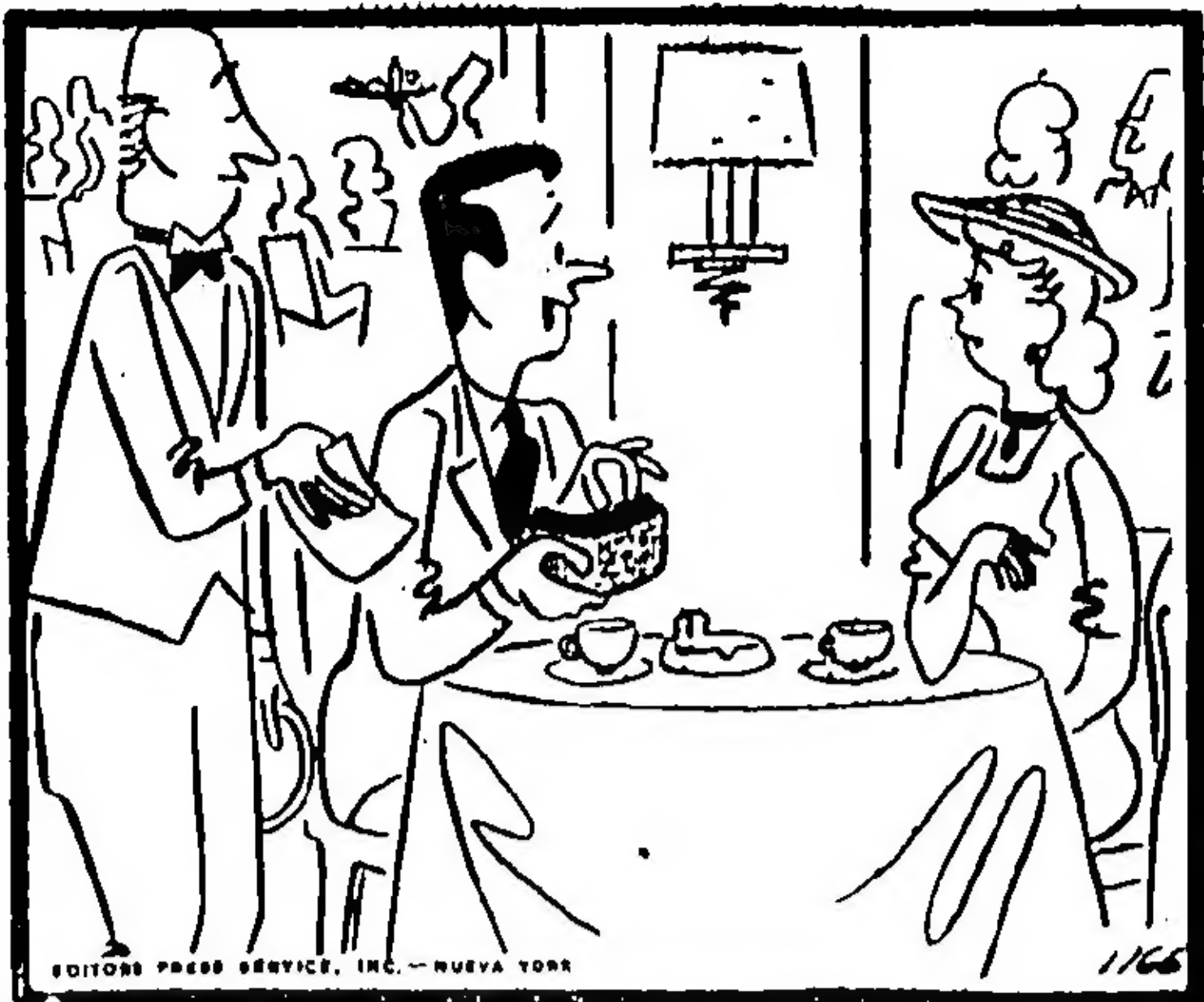
STOP IT, GEORGE

NOW I SHALL HAVE TO GO AND DO MY HAIR AGAIN - REALLY IT'S TOO BAD OF YOU, GEORGE

Here is:—



Surf.



"Marry me, Alice, and take me away from all this."

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, MAY 29

BORN today, you have an extremely magnetic personality which is likely to thrust you into the limelight wherever you go. You are impulsive, even hot-headed, and are apt to get into the worst kind of mix-ups. But you manage to get out of them too, and always land on your feet, running forward toward your major objective.

Your highly emotional temperament is apt to make you moody. One moment you are in the depths of despair, the next, in a golden glow of optimism. You should discover that your physical health has a great deal to do with your moods. You expend nervous energy lavishly and when you are physically tired, you become mentally depressed. A good night's sleep will often miraculously dispel a morbid mood.

Naturally warm in act and friendly, you can be harsh and bitter when you will be moved or when you believe that an injustice has been done either to yourself or to a friend. Among those who were born on this date are: Gilbert Chesterton, author; Patrick Henry, statesman; John Emerson, actor; playwright, Oswald Spengler, historian, and Beatrice Lillie, actress.

To find what the stars have in store for tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, MAY 30

GEMINI (May 21-June 21)—If driving into the country, keep away from heavy traffic wherever possible. Take the back roads.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Haste is not recommended today. Take your time, especially if you are on a trip anywhere by car.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Accept a pleasant invitation from friends in the country, if it is offered. You need a change.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—This can be almost a perfect day for you if you can get out in Mother Nature. Enjoy your self.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Food for the spirit as well as for the body is what you need today. Look on the bright side of things.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Caution is indicated at all times when you are on the road. There

will be a lot of people out. Take care.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—A day in the country could do wonders. Accept any opportunity of getting away.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Just make plans carefully and everything you want to do today will turn out successfully.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Let down tensions by doing exactly what pleases you. Seek outdoor recreation, preferably.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—You may find that you will enjoy paying visits rather than receiving them. Make the rounds!

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Take things easy. Don't attempt to do anything unless it is a serious "must." Have fun!

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 20)—The signs are all in your favour for anything you wish to do. A good time to make demands upon life.

BORN today, you are a natural teacher and leader. Facts count with you and you are able to marshal them in such a fashion that they are actually fun to learn. You have a fair, honest, judicial mind and can weigh evidence with impartiality, usually reaching the right decision. Quiet and reserved, you speak only when you have something to say.

Fond of travel, you will probably visit most of the far places during your lifetime. You make friends all over the globe and once a friend, it is for life. Although you are not emotional or demonstrative, there is a quiet, steadfastness about you which all recognize as the essence of sincerity.

Sometimes you are so diplomatic as to appear two-faced. It is usually that you do not wish to hurt other people's feelings by disagreeing. You, personally, may believe quite differently. You won't argue, but when it comes time to act, you will do exactly as you think best.

Among those who were born on this date are: Countess Cullen, poet; Ludwig Lewisohn, author; Cornelia Otis Skinner, actress; writer; Henry Goodman, musician; William Springer, jurist; Charles Dillingham, producer, and Peter The Great, of Russia.

To find what the stars have in store for tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, MAY 31

GEMINI (May 21-June 21)—Good, honest work—and getting a job well done—can give you a tremendous sense of satisfaction.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—If you have been resting, you will be eager to get back on the job.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Wind up the month's affairs efficiently and you will be ready to begin a new page in the book!

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—You may be looking forward to your vacation, but isn't it a little early to slack up on the job?

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—You may need that extra bit of perseverance today, but the results will be worth using it.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Week-end guests may have made a lot of extra work for you, but get an early start on this morning.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Jumping to conclusions on insufficient information can prove seriously disastrous.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Get ready to start a new month. If you have accounts to balance or plans to make, do it all today.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—You should be rested and in good shape to start winding up business that you may have left undone.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Back from visiting around, you will probably appreciate your

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Be An Expert:
Figure Answer

By OSWALD JACOBY

"WHICH card would you back to win the last trick in this hand?" asks Terence Reese, the great English expert South is playing the hand at a contract of six hearts, which is ice cold. It is more difficult, however, to win all thirteen tricks, and Reese's question poses quite a problem.

When the hand was actually played, West opened the jack of spades, dummy played low, and East signalled with the seven of spades, making the mental note that East had the king of spades, and that West had led from the jack-ten.

After some thought, South led six rounds of trumps, discarding the seven and queen of clubs from the dummy. He then led out three rounds of diamonds, ending in the dummy.

At this point, dummy had two spades and the ace of clubs. South held two clubs and one trump.

Each of the opponents felt compelled to save two spades. If East had saved only one spade, declarer could ruff out the king of spades by leading

the nine of spades from the dummy. Dummy would then take the last two tricks with the ace of clubs and queen of spades.

If West had saved only one spade, declarer could have led the queen of spades from dummy to pick up the ten and queen. East's king at the same time. Dummy would then win the last two tricks with the ace of clubs and the nine of spades.

Since both defenders saved two spades, each could have led down the ace of clubs from the dummy, dropping the ten and queen. East's king at the same time. Dummy would then win the last two tricks with the ace of clubs and the nine of spades.

South West North East
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